

WINTER
ISSUE

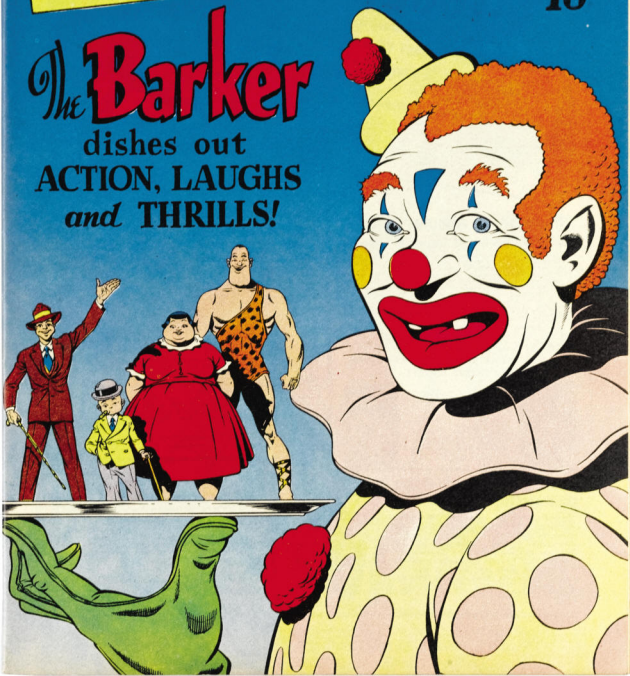


The BARKER

10¢

The Barker

dishes out
ACTION, LAUGHS
and **THRILLS!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

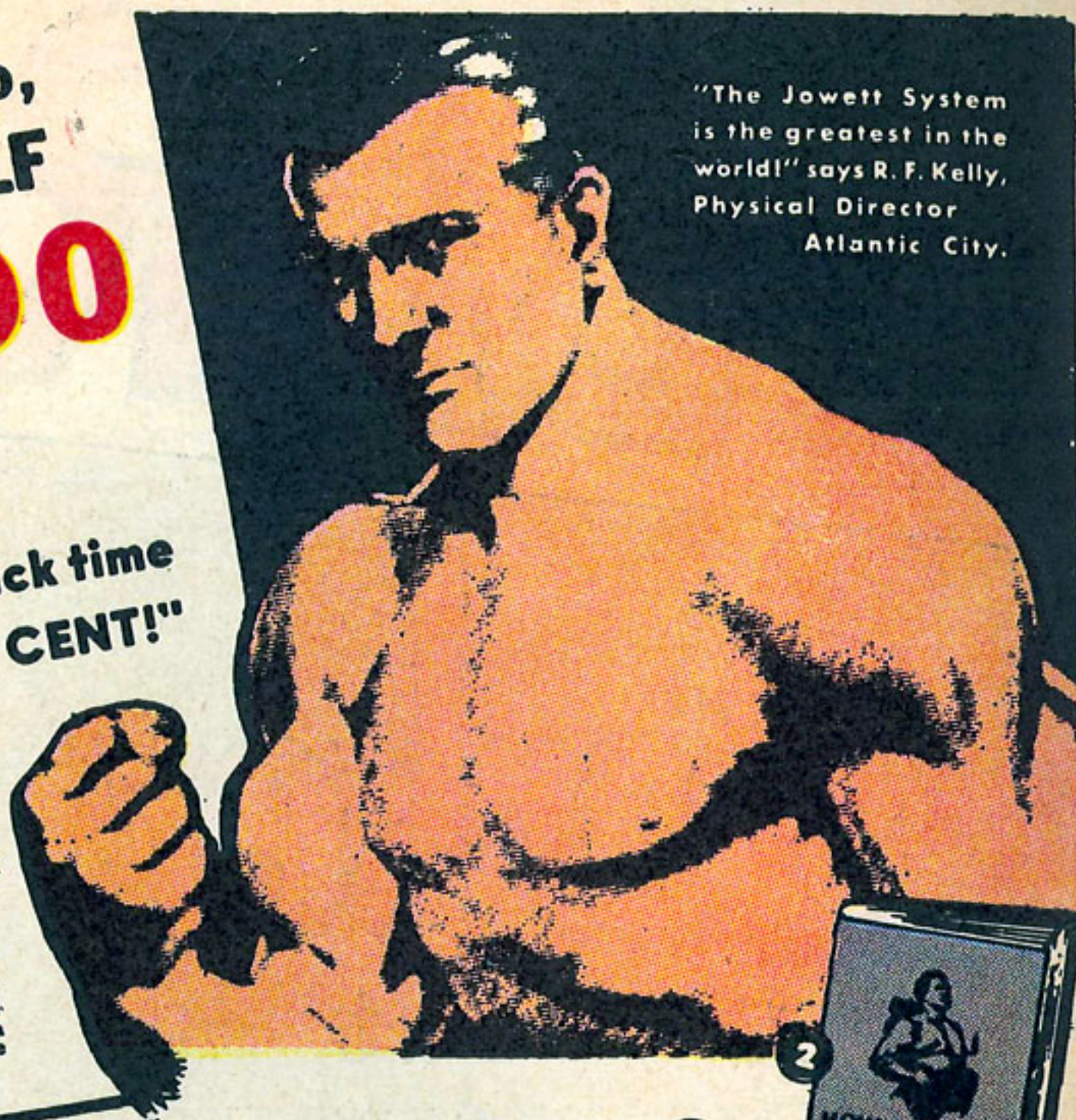
WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF**
COMMANDO
-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

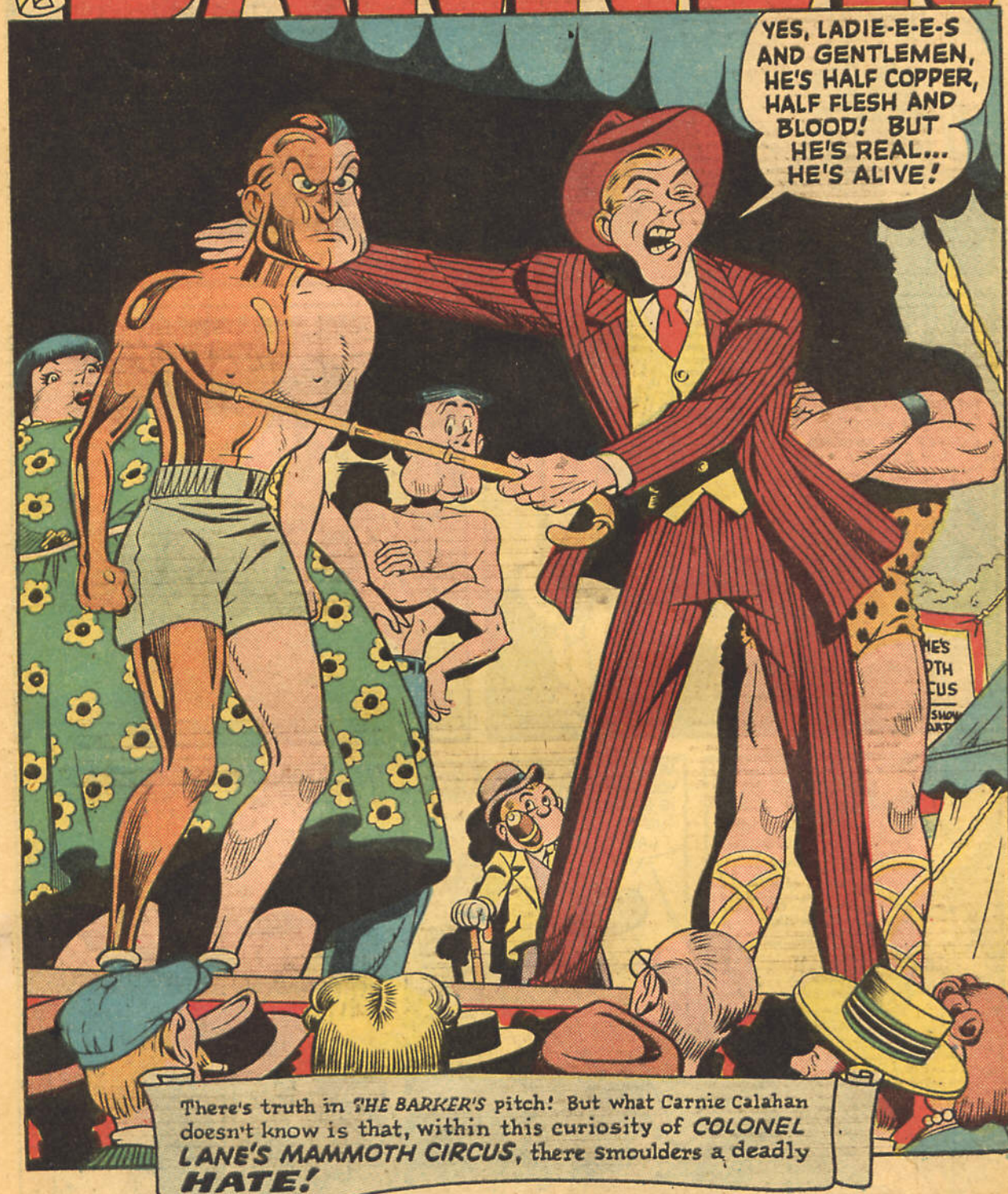
- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.... \$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs. 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

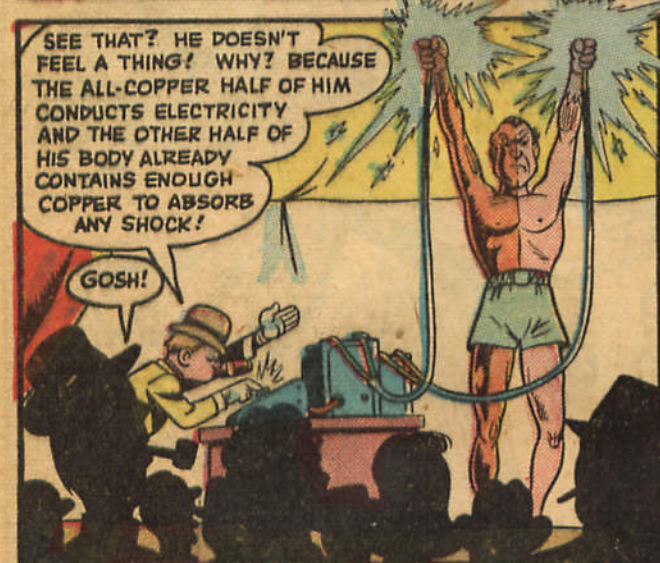
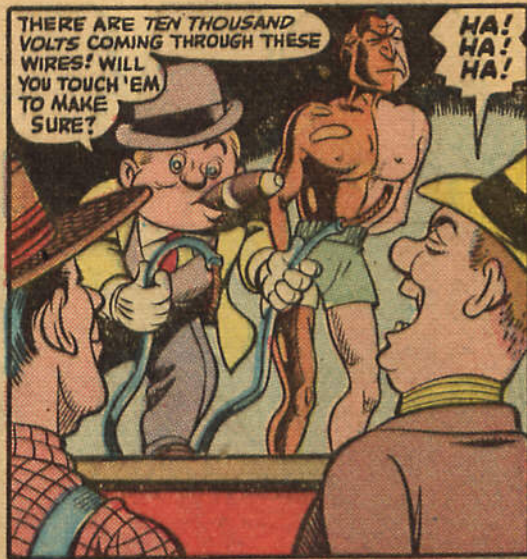
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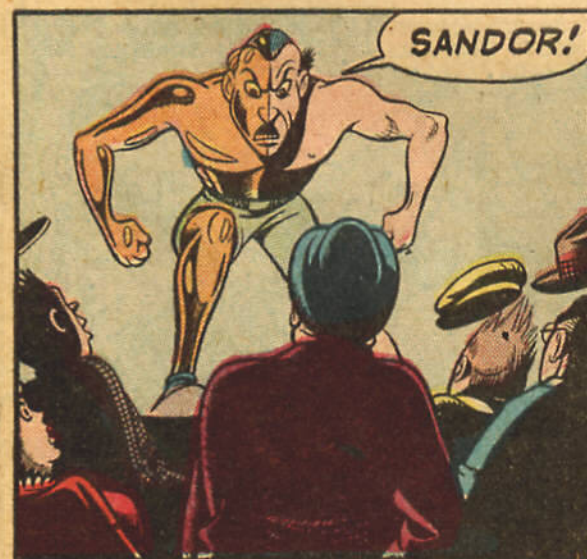
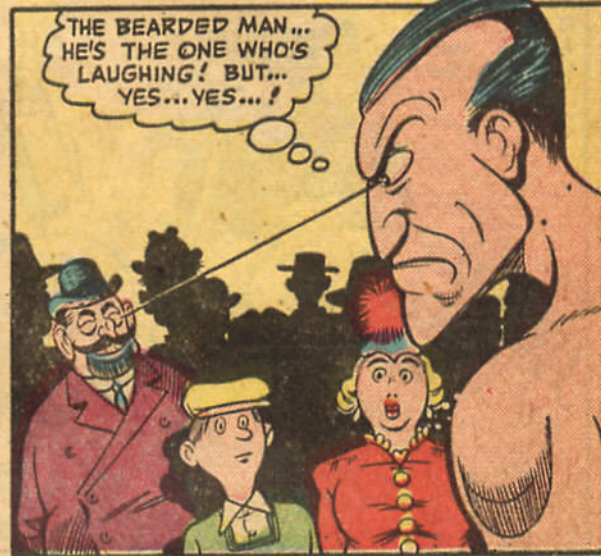
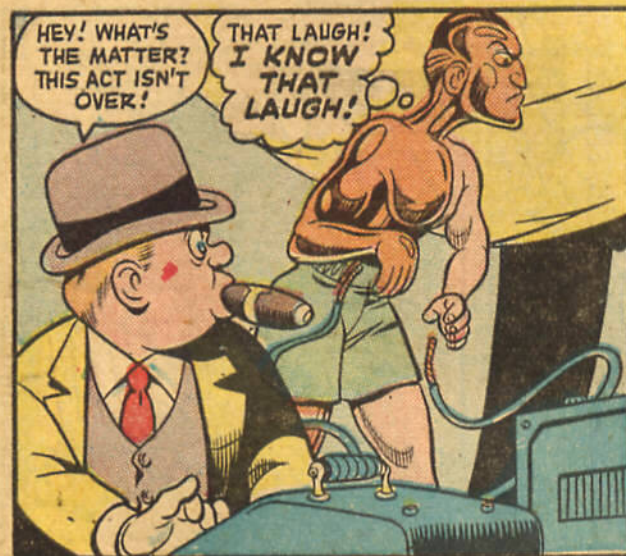
THE BARKER

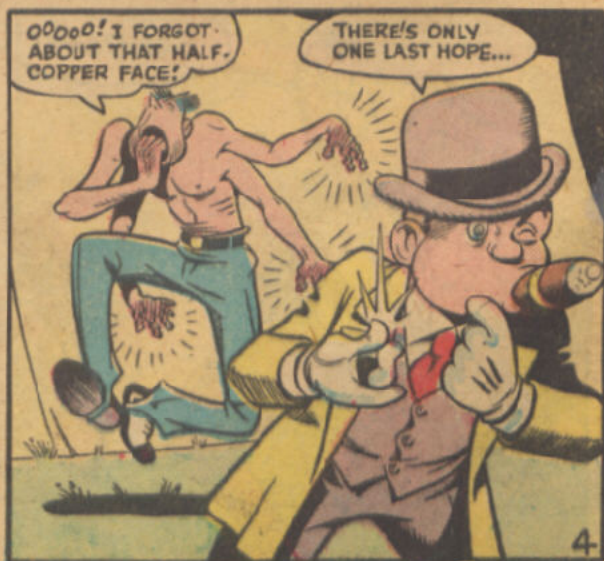
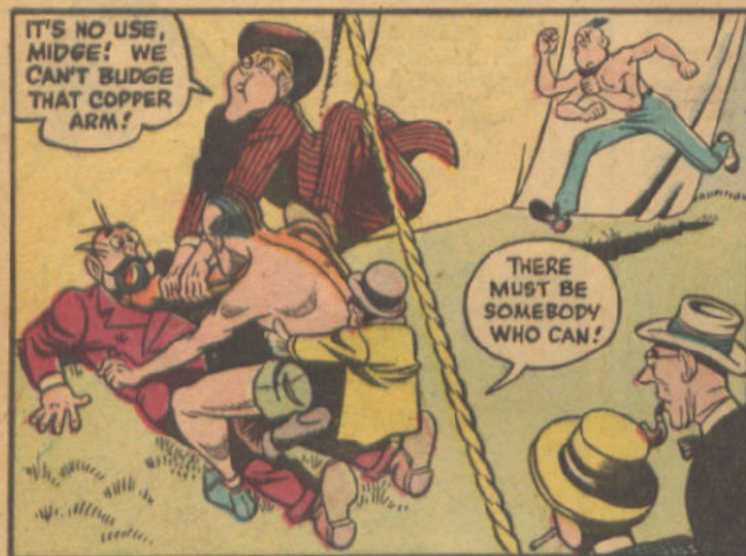
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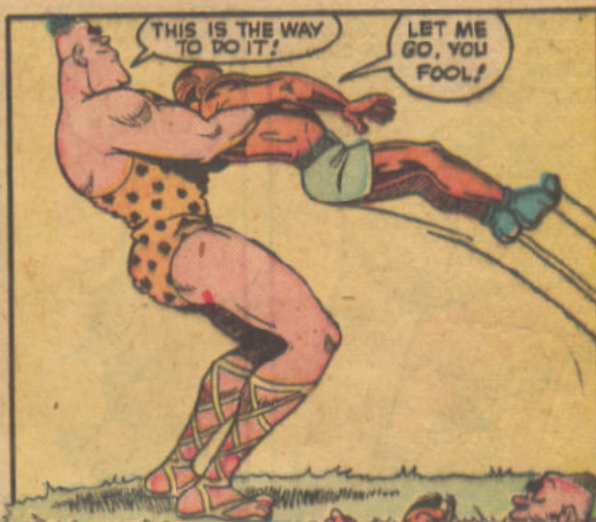


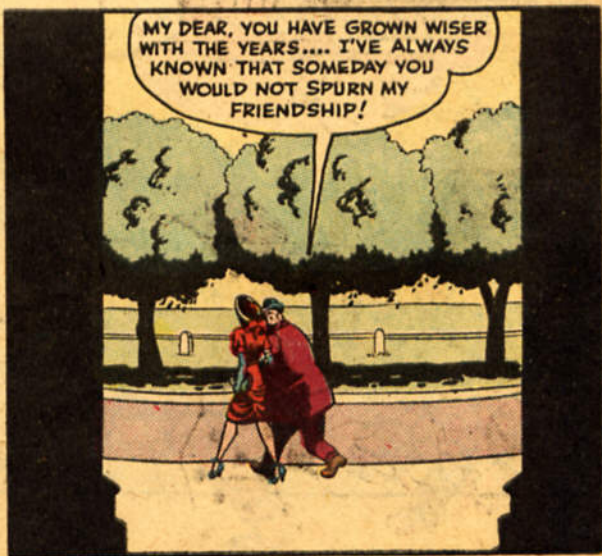
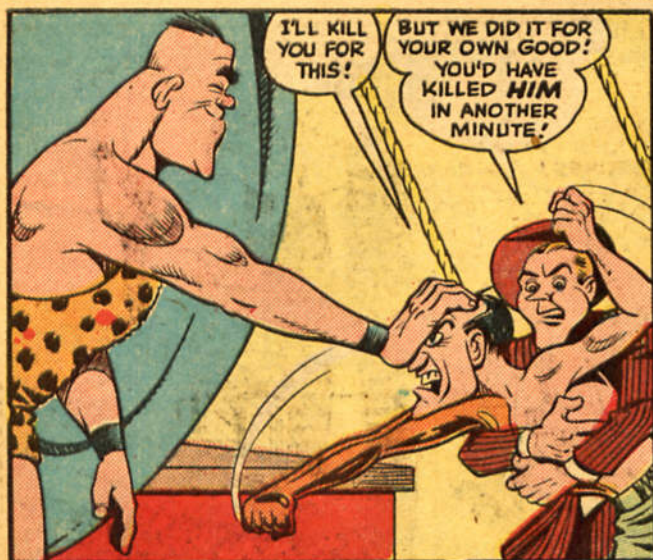
There's truth in *THE BARKER*'s pitch! But what *Carnie Calahan* doesn't know is that, within this curiosity of *COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS*, there smoulders a deadly **HATE!**

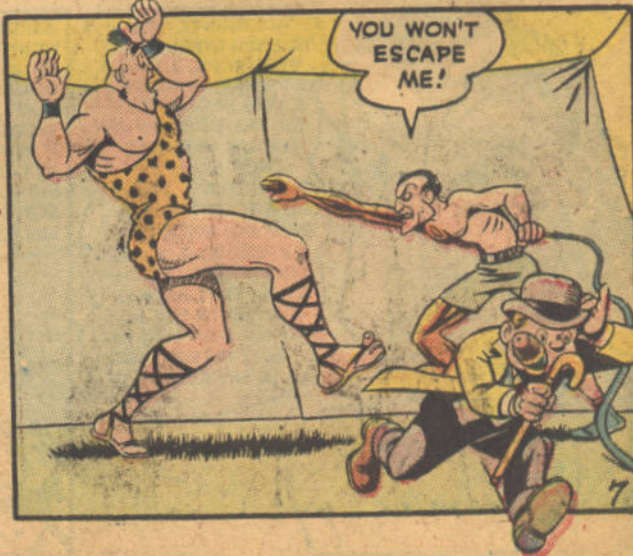
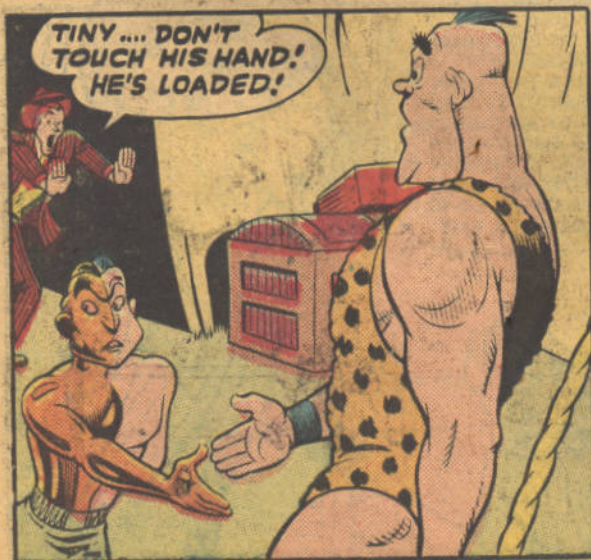
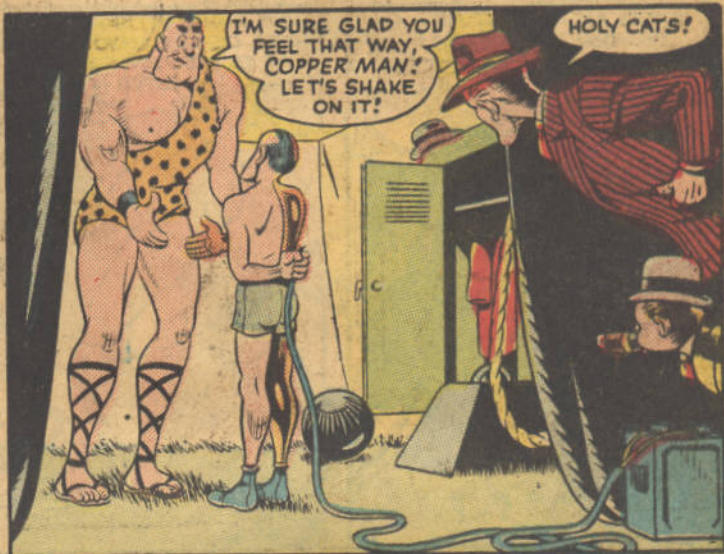
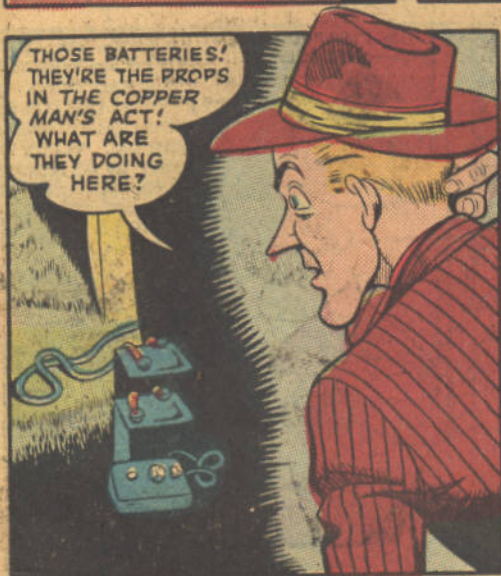


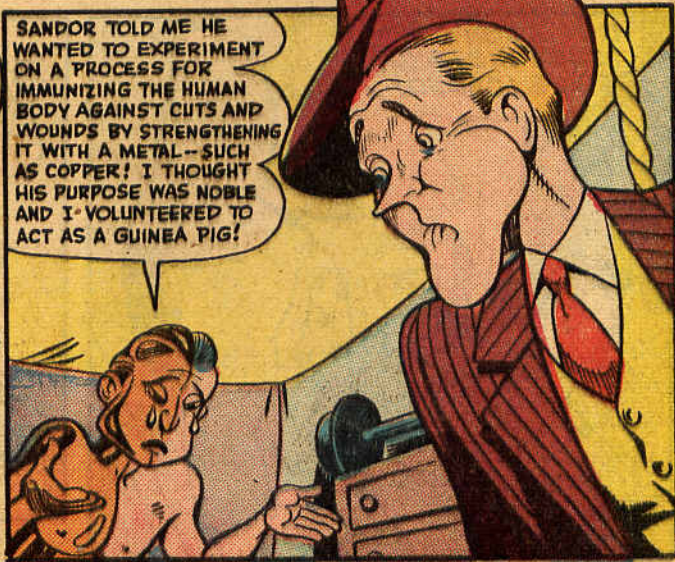
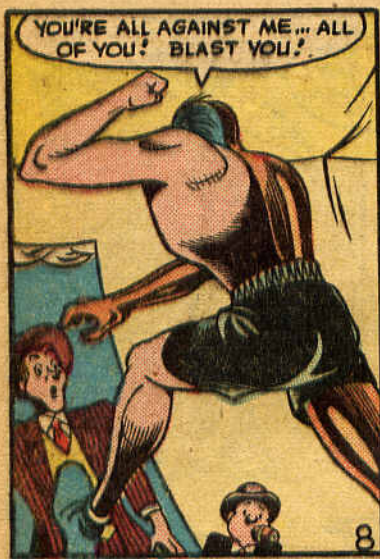
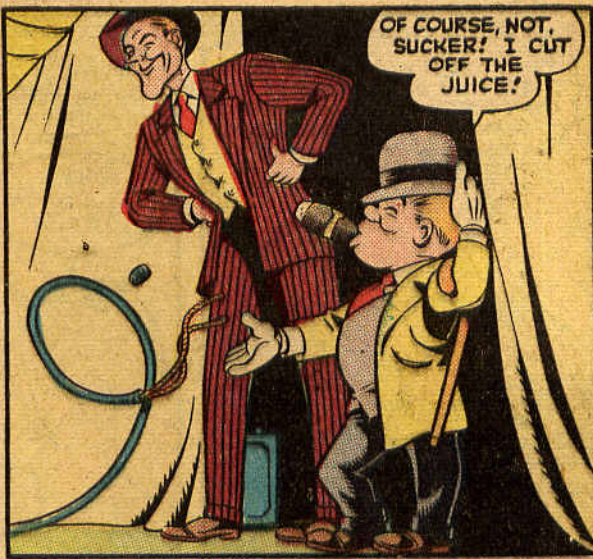
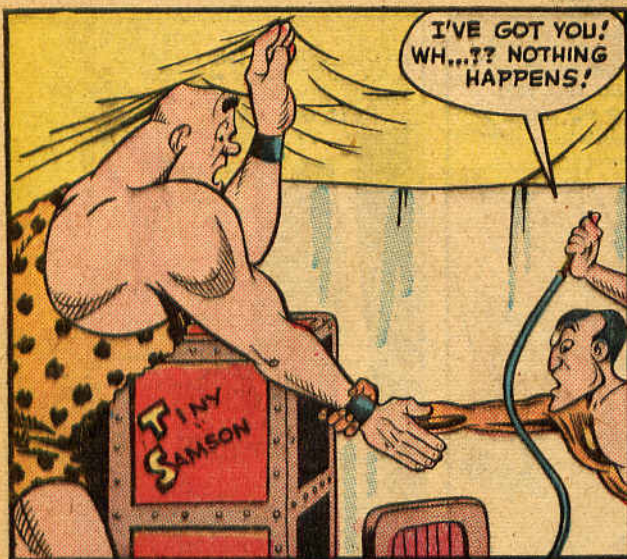


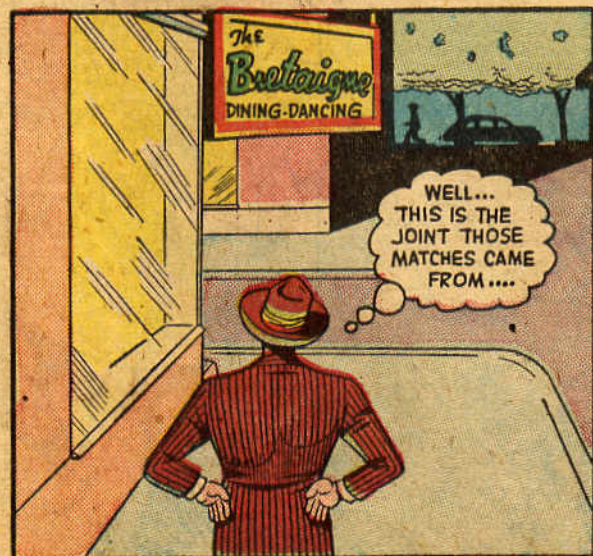
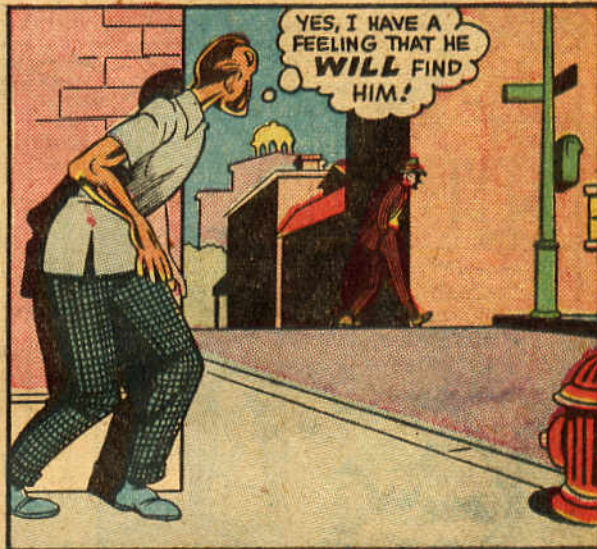




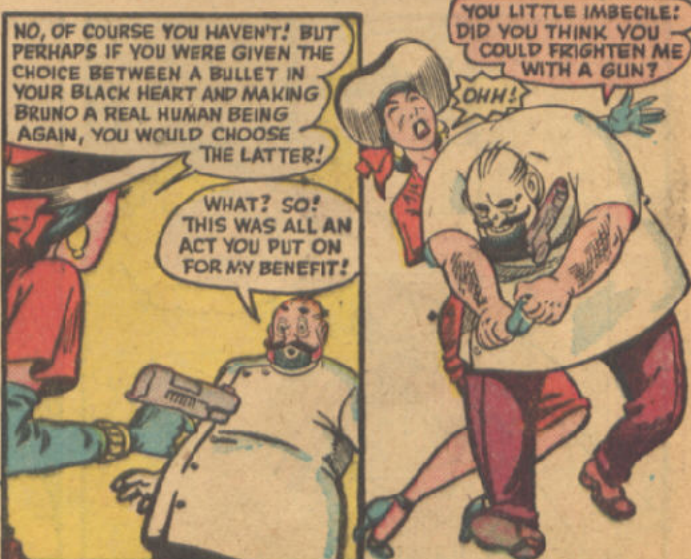
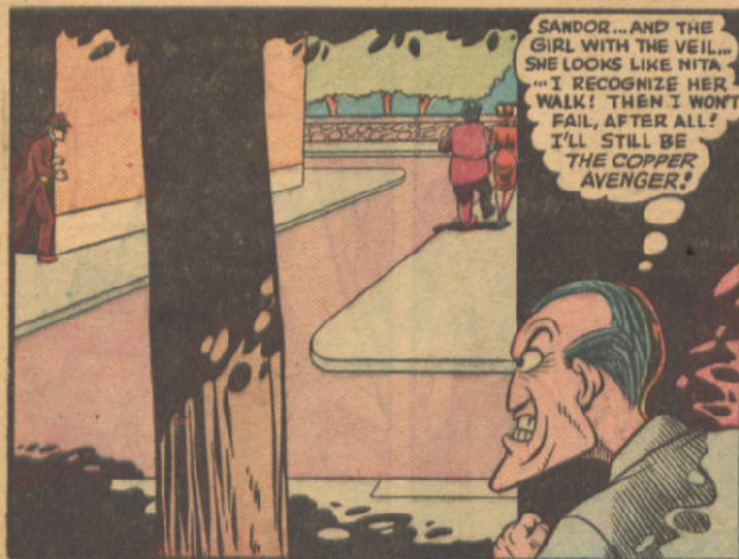








THE BARKER



THE BARKER



HOW ARE THE CHANCES OF FRIGHTENING YOU WITH ONE OF THESE?

WHA-??



NOW, SPILL IT! WHAT'S THE PROCESS FOR REMOVING THE COPPER FROM THE COPPER MAN?

OW! MY ARM! DON'T! I'LL TELL! THE VAT... IF YOU PASS A CURRENT THROUGH IT WHILE COPPER IS IN THE SOLUTION, IT WILL EXTRACT EVERY LAST PARTICLE OF THE COPPER BY COMBINING WITH IT IN A NEW COMPOUND!



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! SISTER, SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING THIS WORK! YOU GO FIND THE COPPER MAN AND BRING HIM HERE!

OH... HOW WONDERFUL!



THERE IS NO NEED TO LOOK FOR ME!



DON'T, YOU SAP! DON'T SEND YOURSELF TO THE CHAIR JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

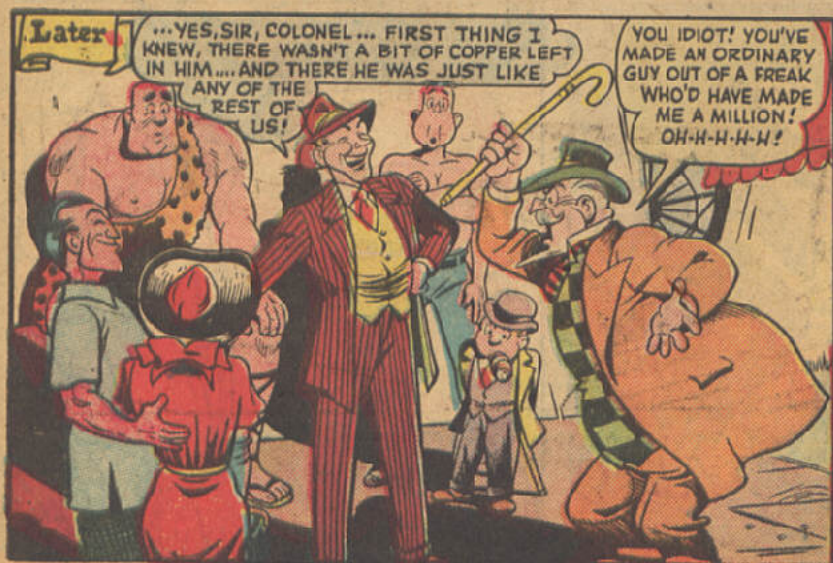
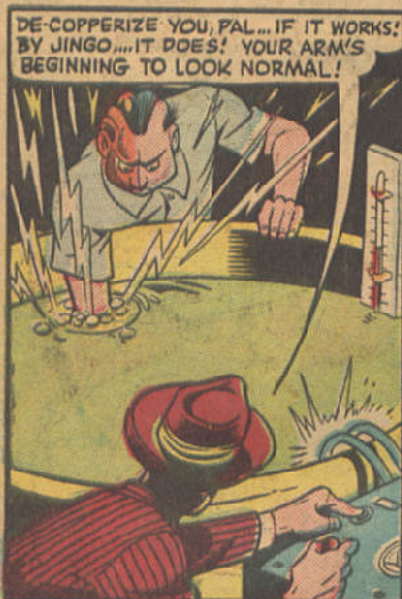
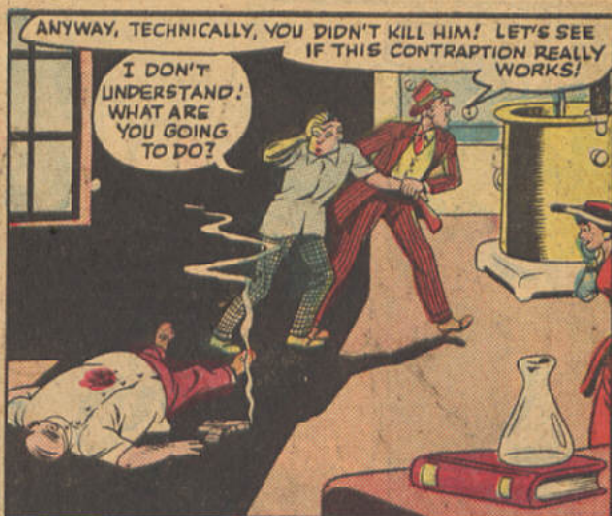
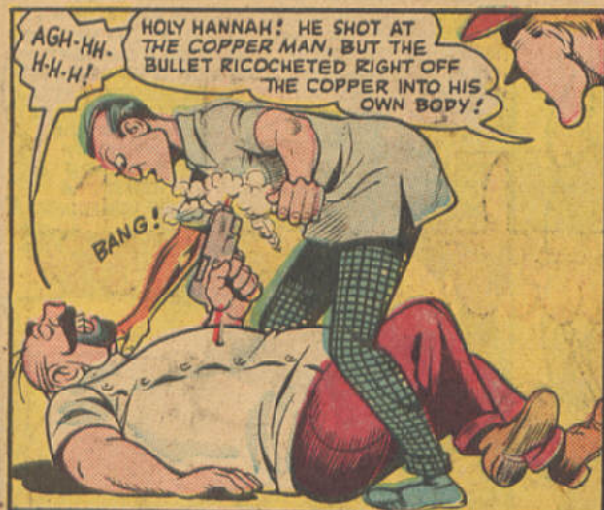
THIS TIME NO ONE CAN STOP ME!



GHHH... NO ONE... GHHH... BUT ME!



THE BARKER

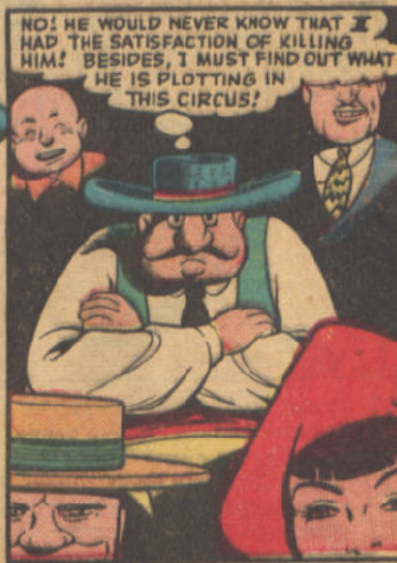
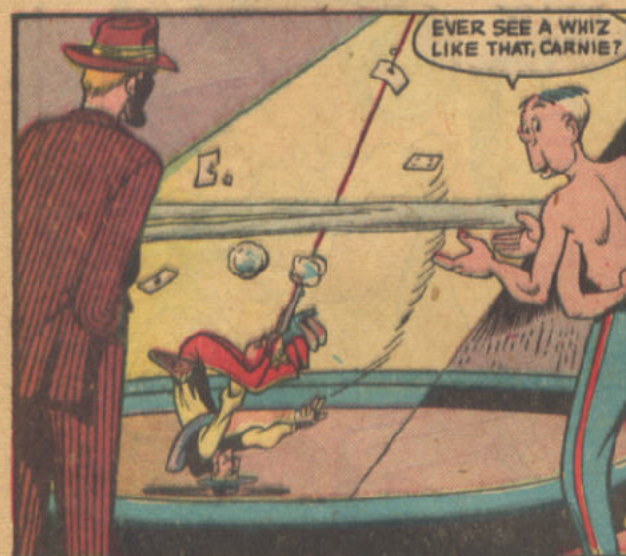
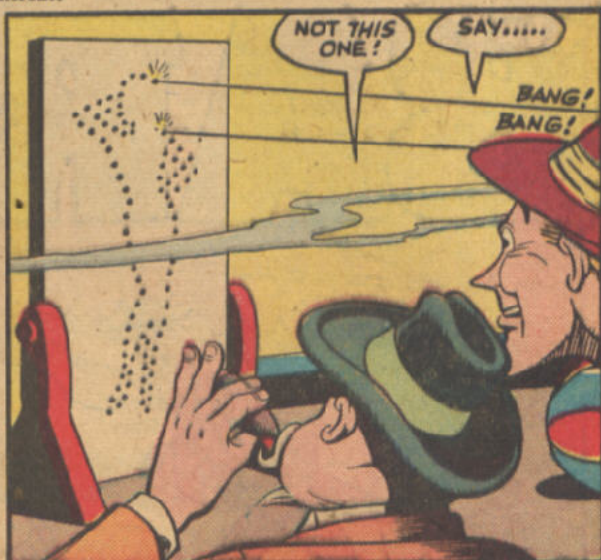
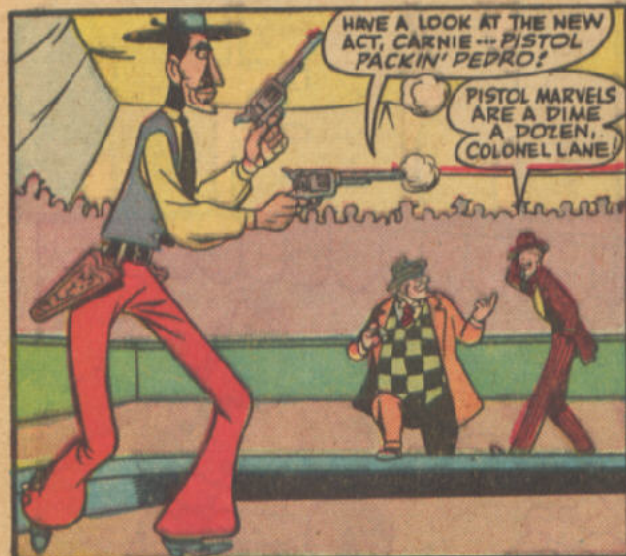


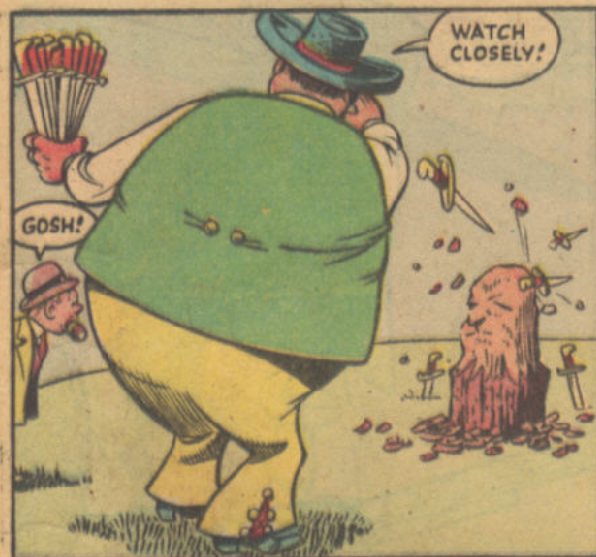
The BARKER

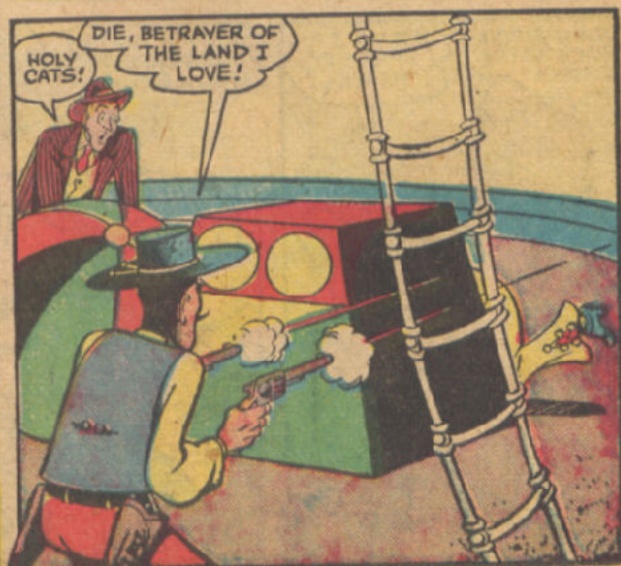
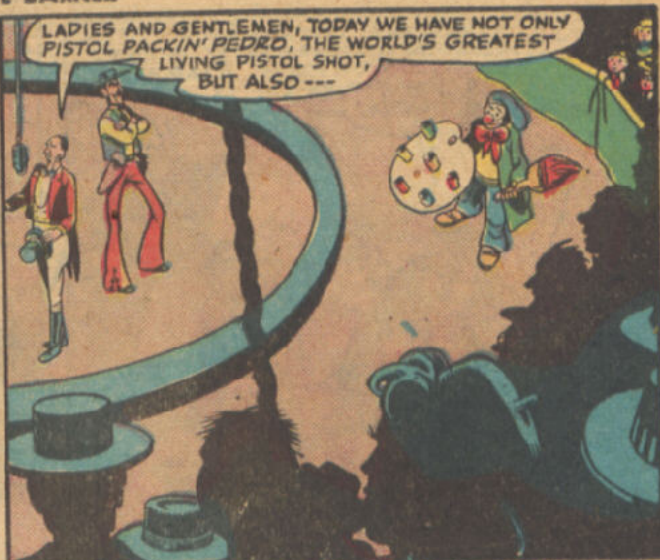
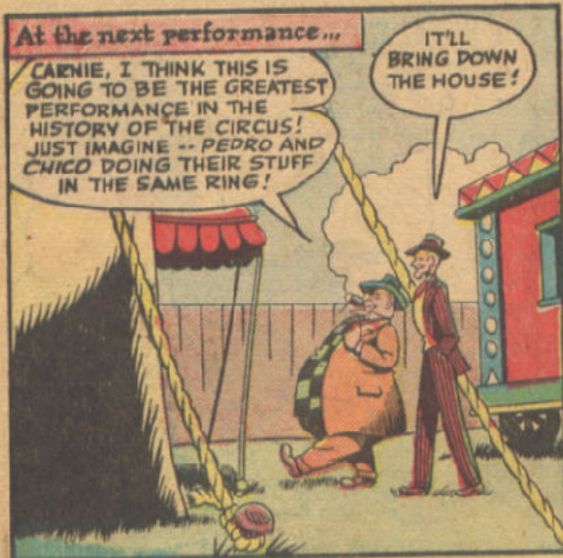


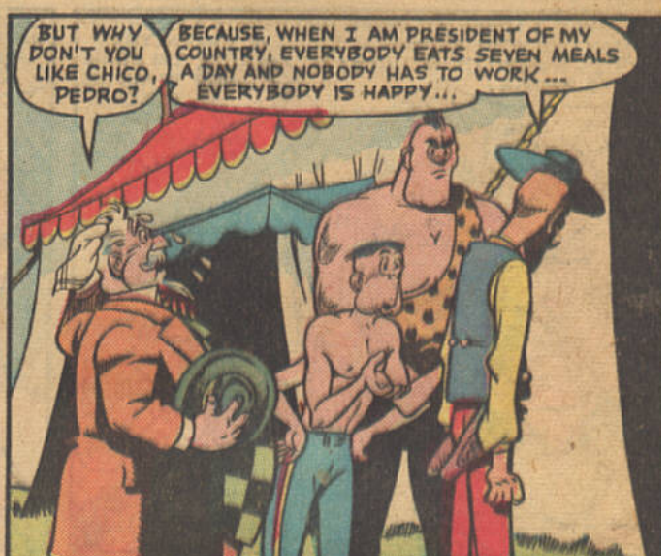
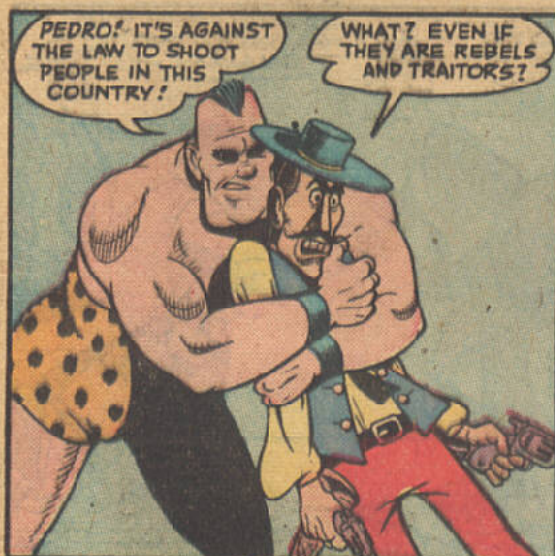
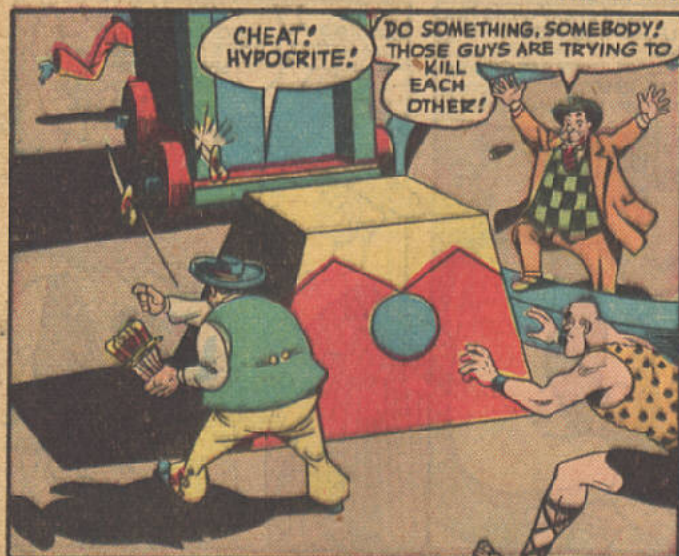
Traditionally the people in a circus live as one happy family and the members of Colonel Lane's outfit were not exceptions..... that is, until a pair of fiery *Caballeros* from below the Equator brought their wars and revolutions right in under the Big Top! Then, in no time at all, friends became factions! Even Carnie Calahan, the smooth, urbane BARKER, was not immune to the agitation which pervaded the once gay atmosphere!

THE BARKER









THEN CHICO MONTANEZ STARTS THE REVOLUTION! NOBODY EATS AND EVERYBODY HAS TO WORK! THAT IS NOT GOOD!

BESIDES, I AM NOT ANY MORE THE PRESIDENT! THAT IS WORSE!

SOUNDS LIKE A BAD EGG, THAT CHICO!

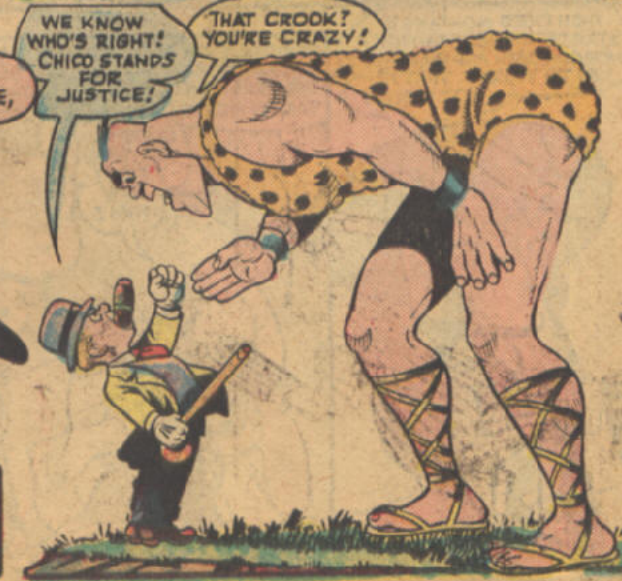
I DIDN'T QUITE TRUST HIM WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM!



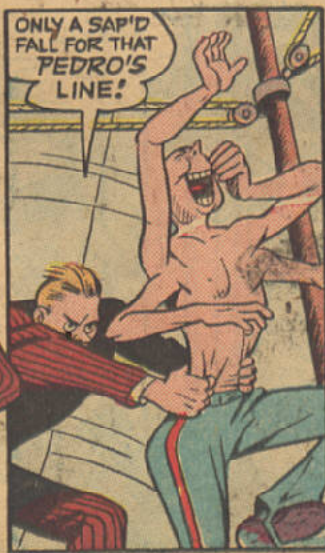
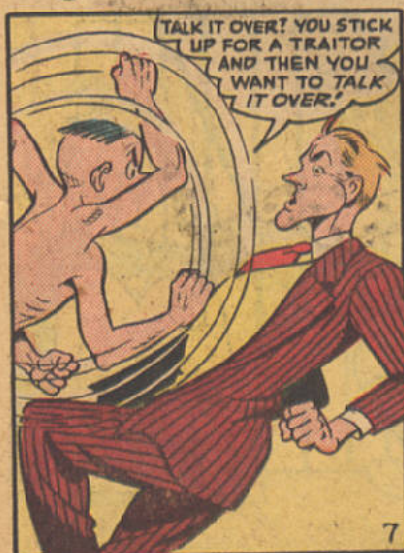
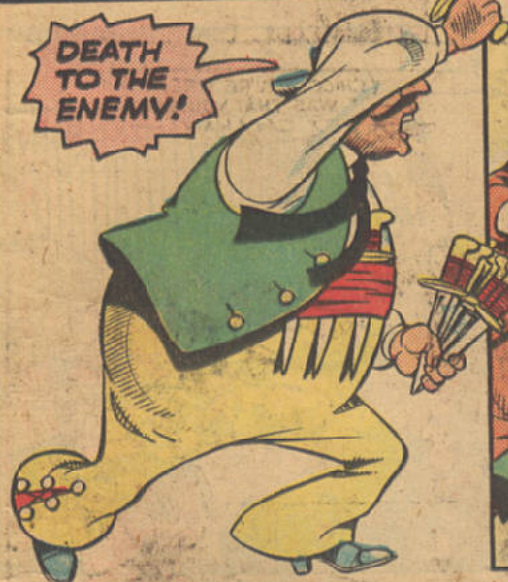
WE CAN'T HAVE A CHARACTER LIKE THAT AROUND THIS LOT! I'M GOING TO FIRE HIM AT ONCE!

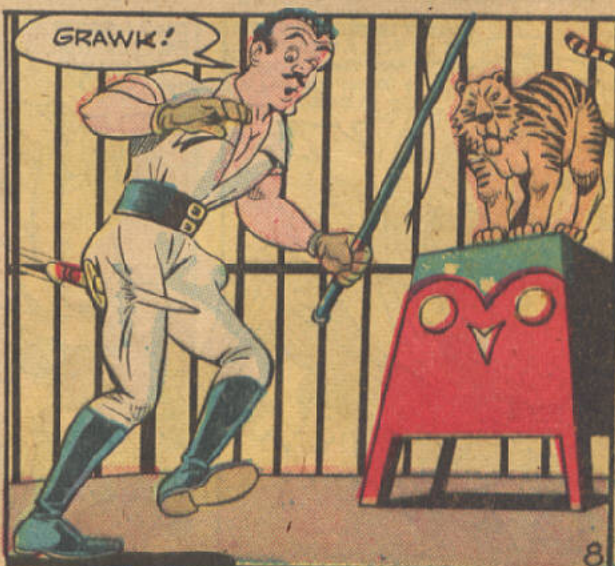
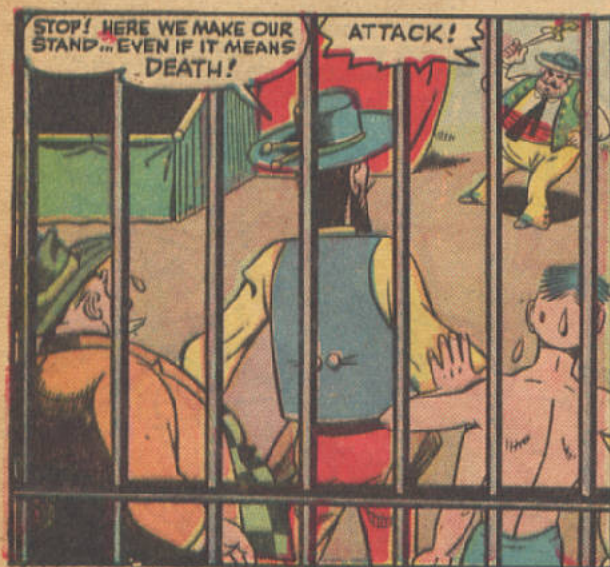
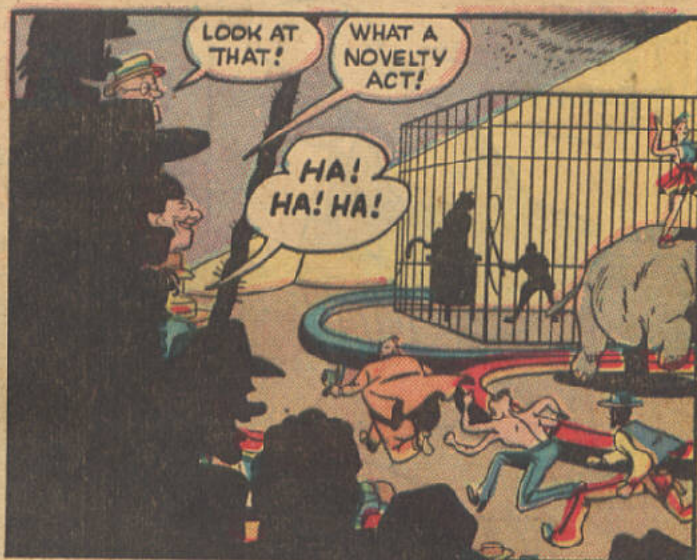
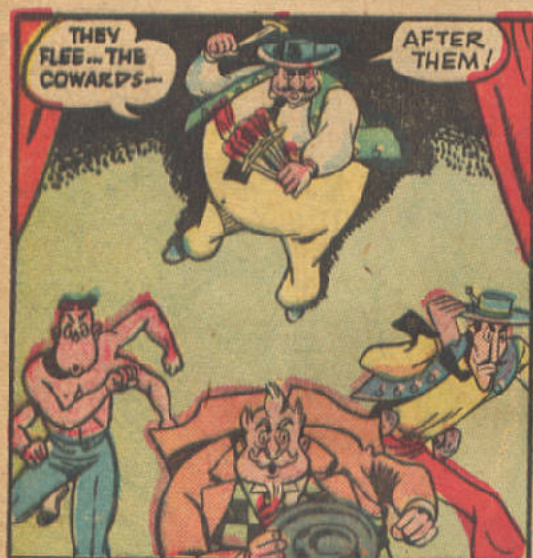
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, COLONEL LANE!

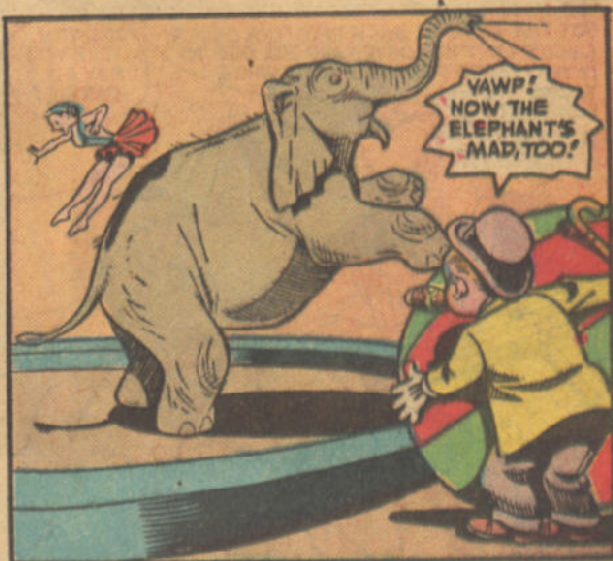
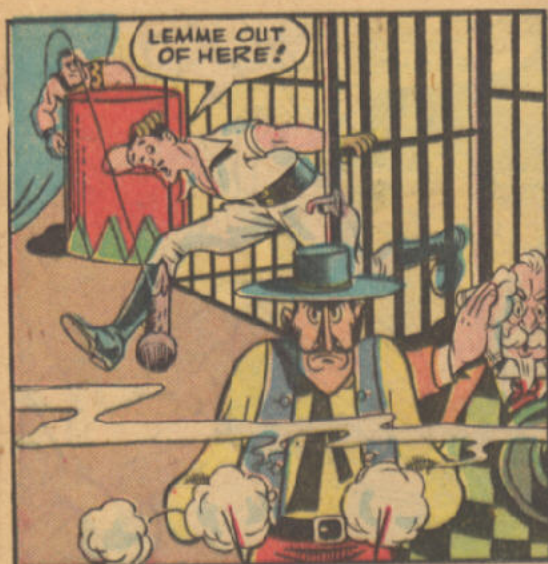


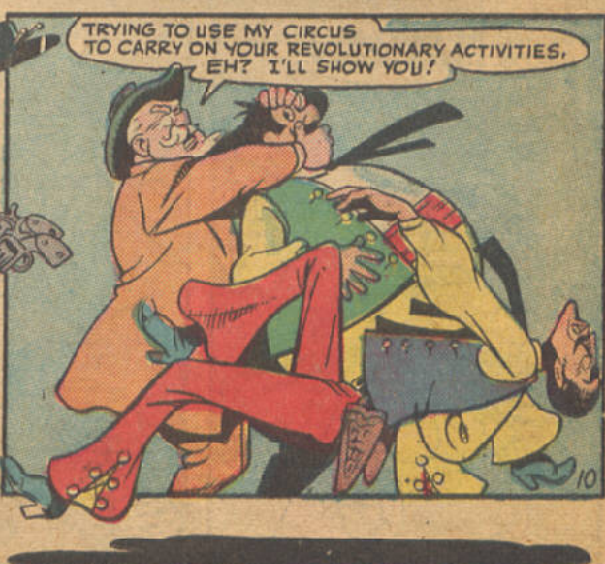
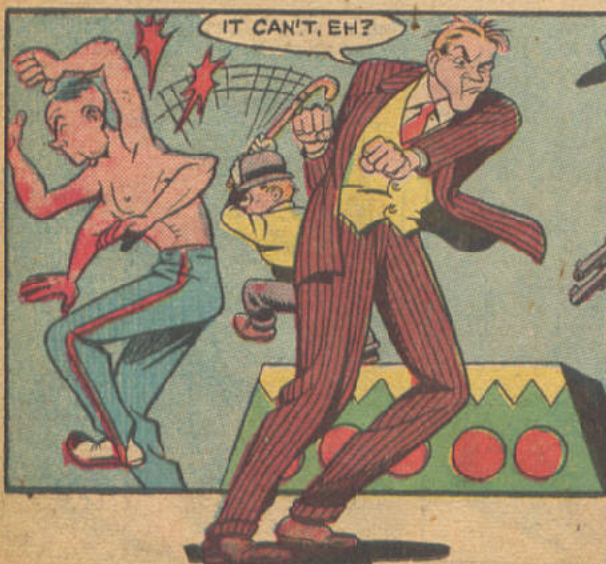
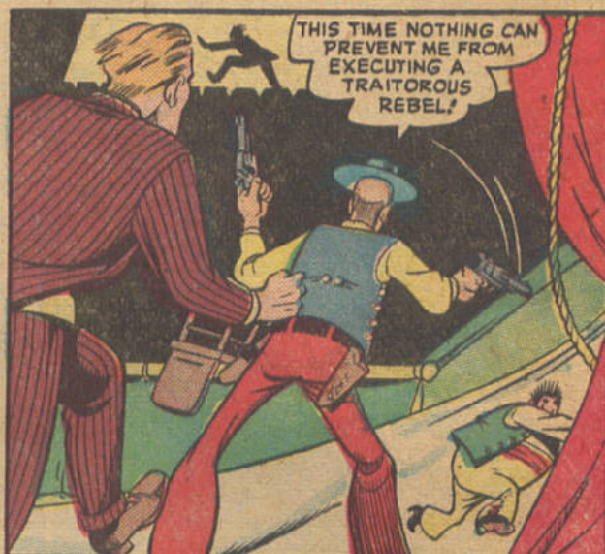
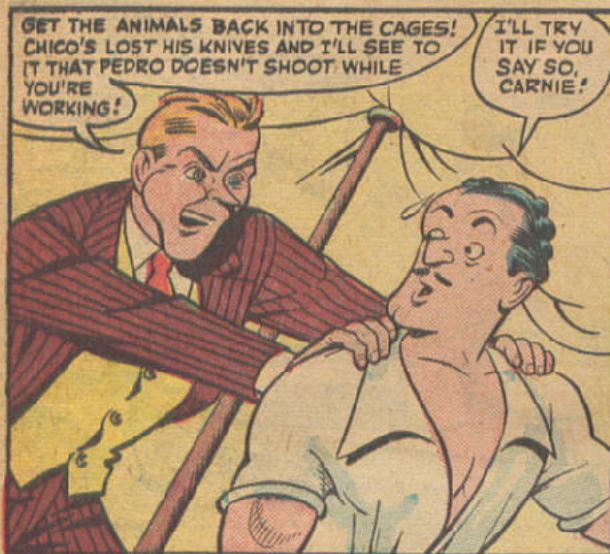
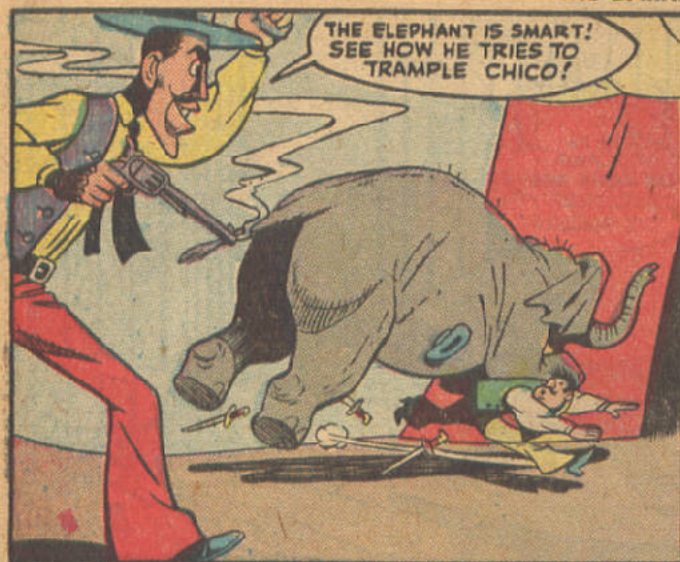


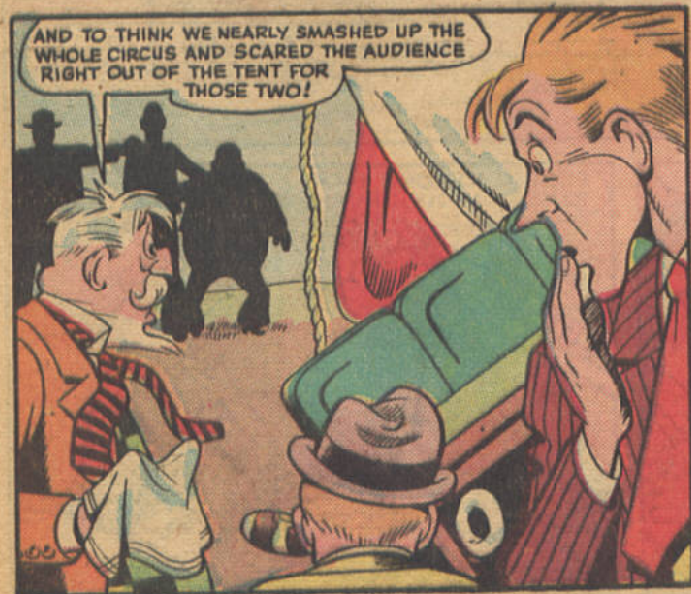
THE BARKER



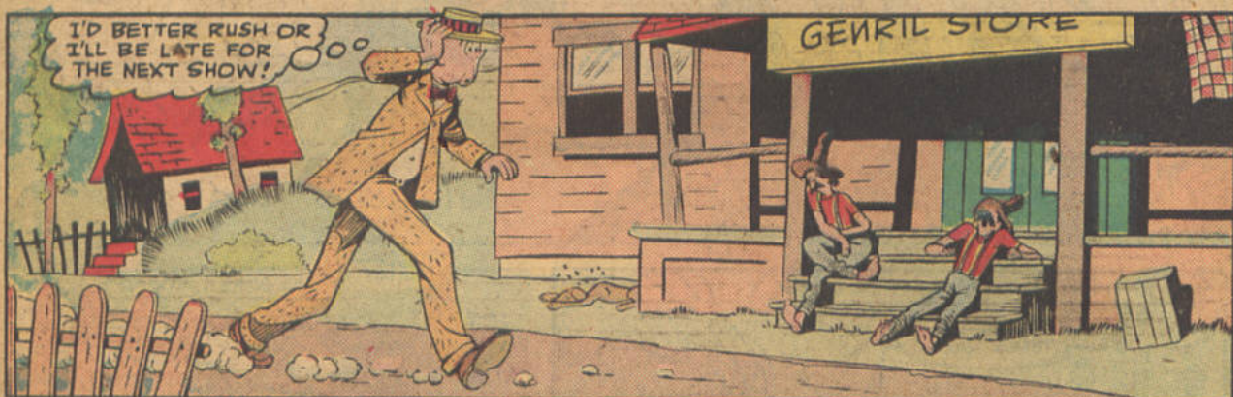
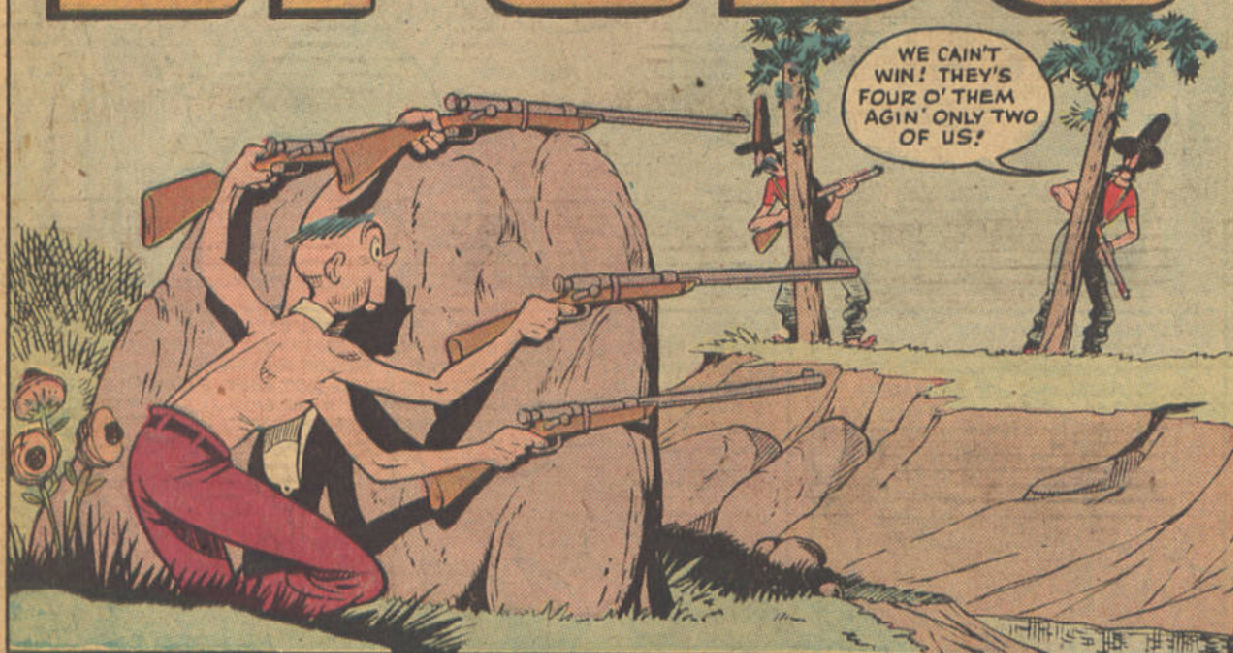






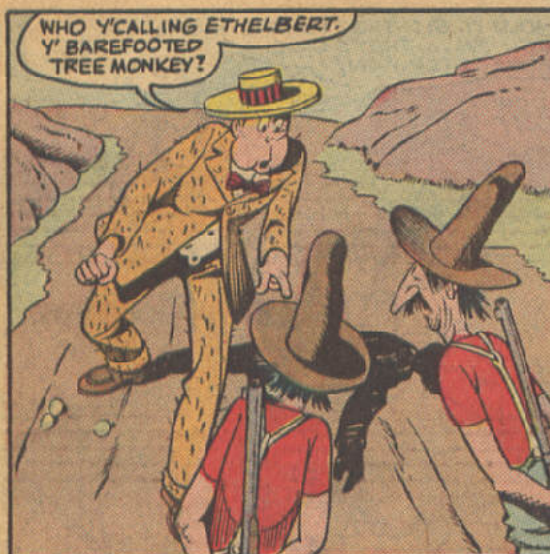


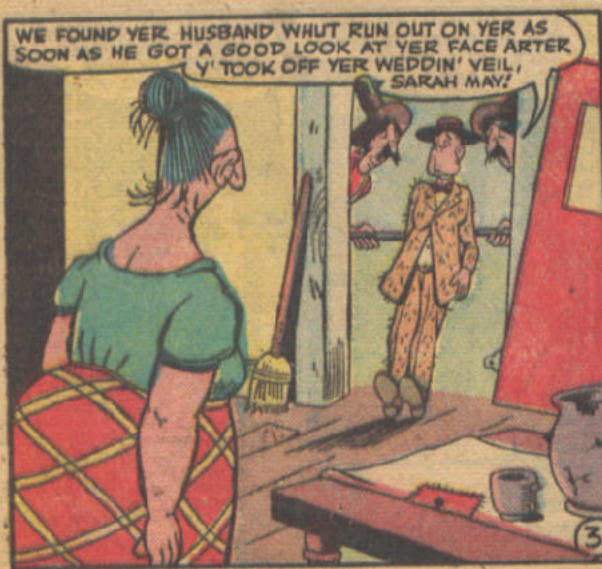
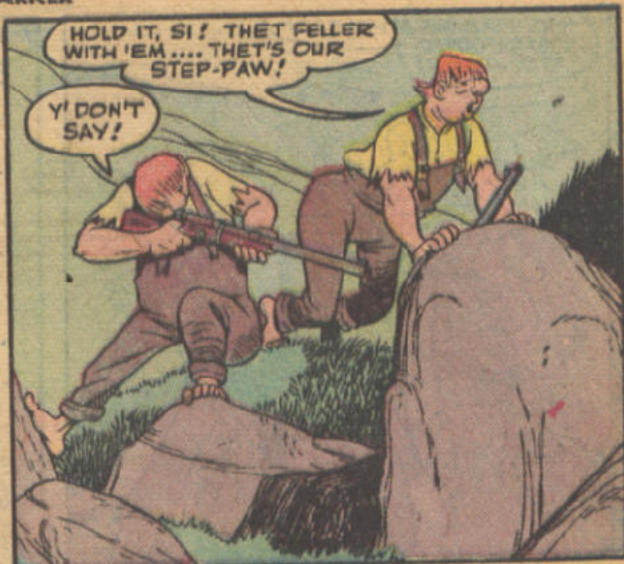
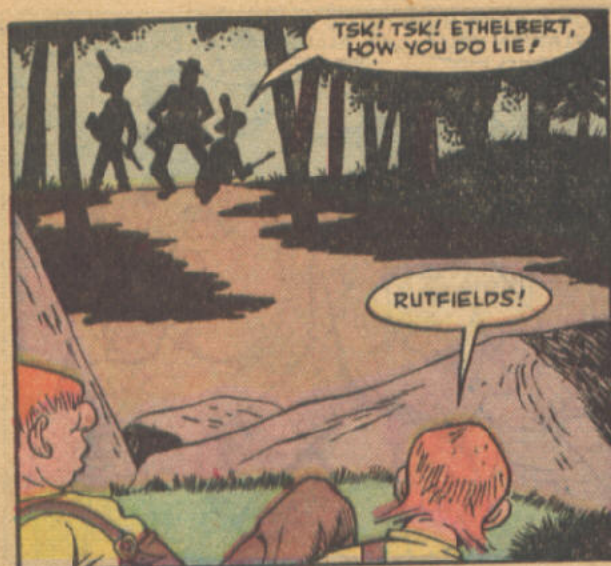
SPUDO



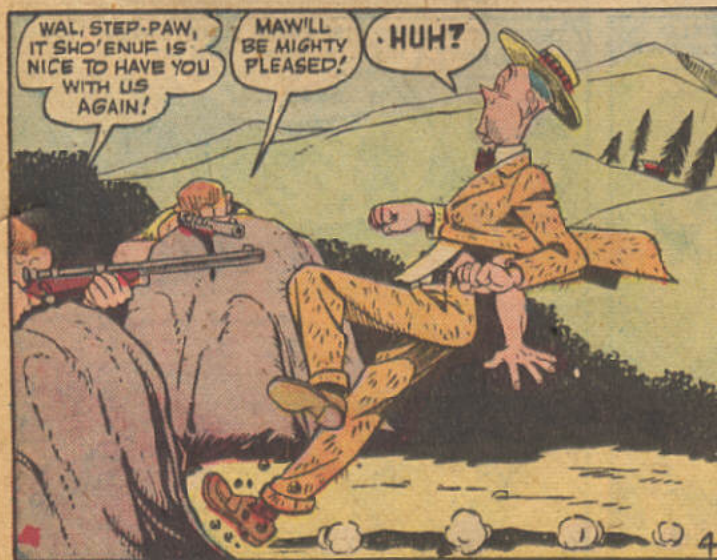
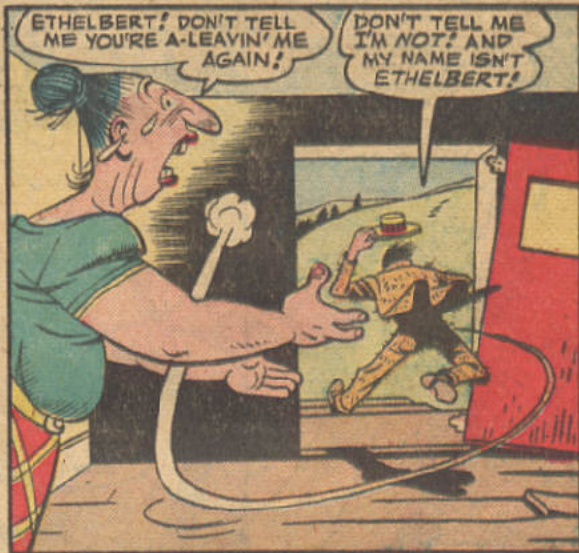
HUH? WHAR?
GARSH! IT SHO'
ENUF IS!

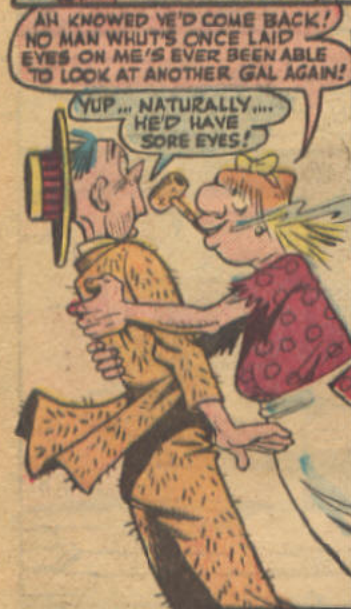
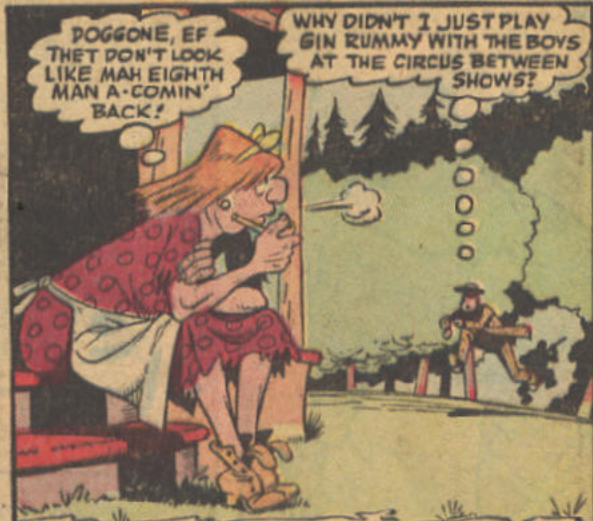
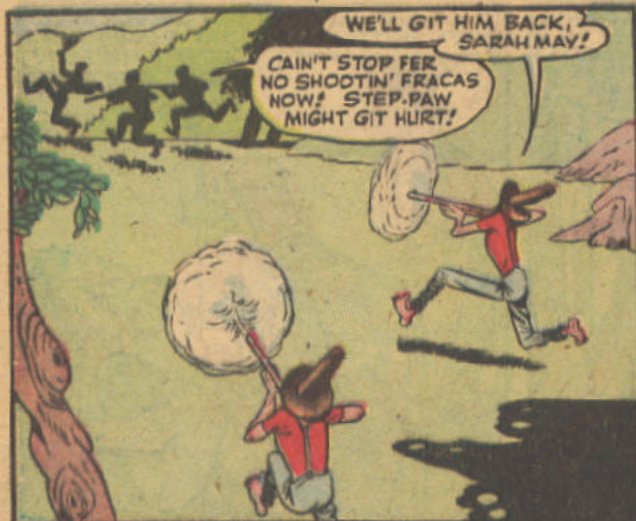


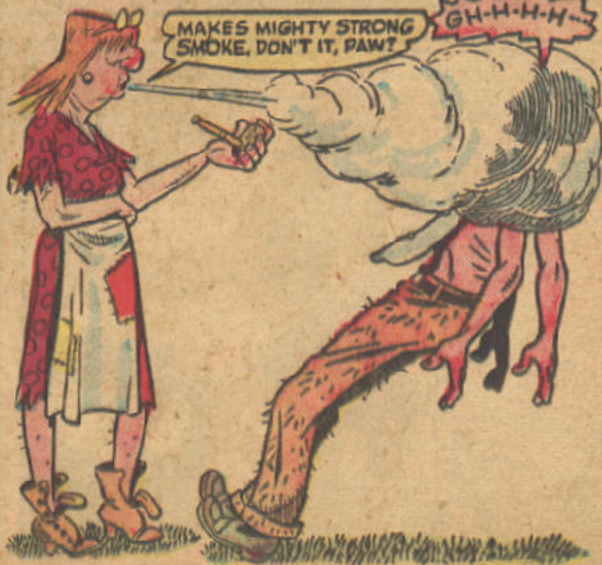
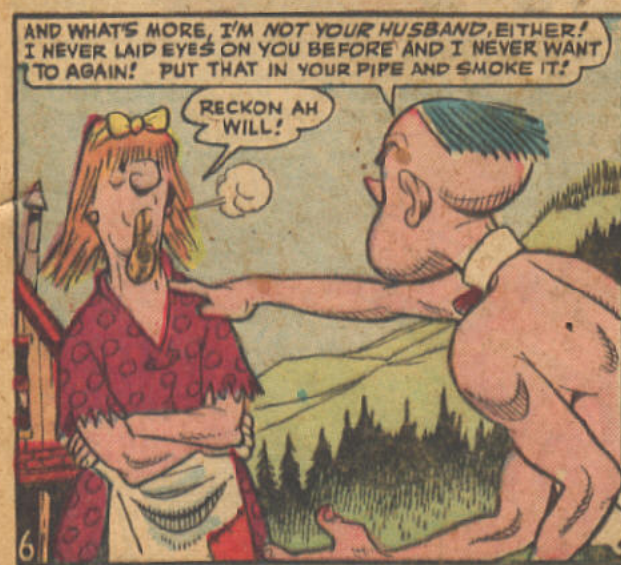
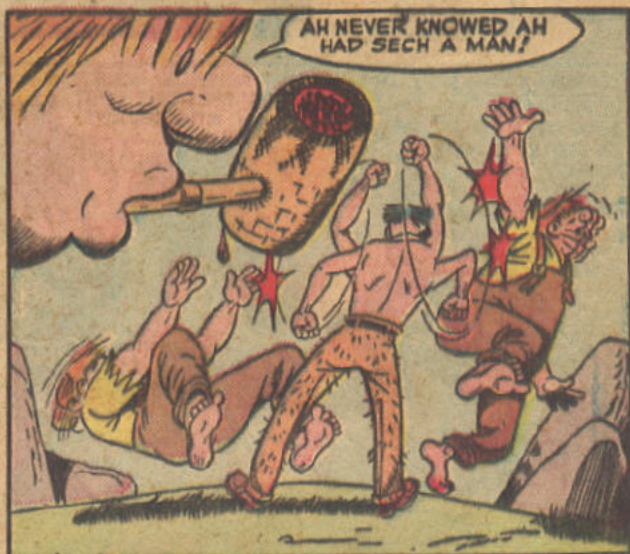




THE BARKER





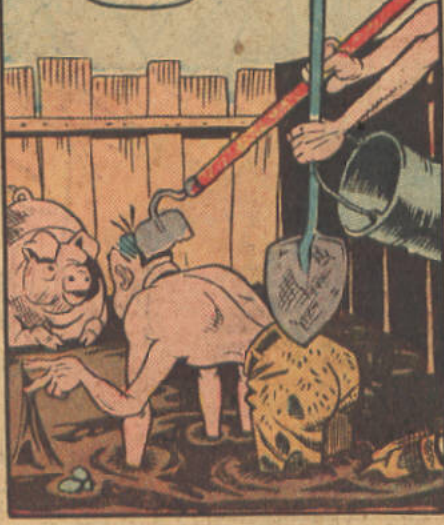


THE BARKER

FIRST THING TO DO WITH A CONTRARY HUSBAND IS TO BEAT THE REBELLION OUT'N HIM WITH A LOTTA HARD WORK!



AND THIS HYAR HUSBAND OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GIT A POW'FUL LOT O' WORK DONE WITH FOUR HANDS!



NOW CLEAN IT UP GOOD! AH GOT PLENTY O' SMOKE LEFT IN THIS HYAR PIPE!



Meanwhile...

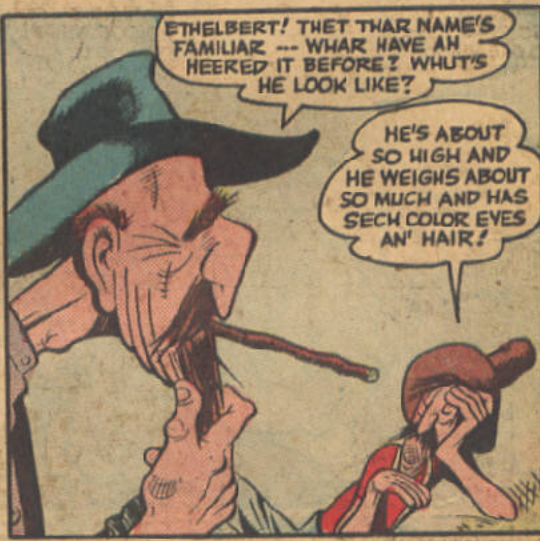
HI, BOYS! YE BOTH SEEM TO BE FEELIN' MIGHTY PORE!

WAL, WE AIN'T A-FEELIN' NONE TOO GOOD, SHERIFF! AN' WE DONE LOST ETHELBERT!



ETHELBERT! THET THAR NAME'S FAMILIAR --- WHAR HAVE AH HEERED IT BEFORE? WHUT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

HE'S ABOUT SO HIGH AND HE WEIGHS ABOUT SO MUCH AND HAS SECH COLOR EYES AN' HAIR!



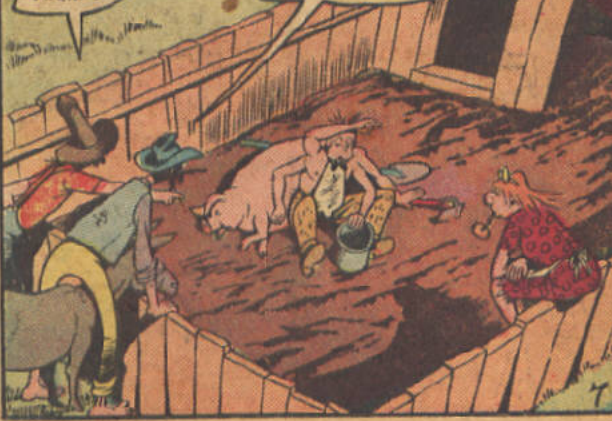
DOGGONE IT! THET'S THE FELLER! WAL, AH LOCKED HIM UP FO' BIGAMY IN MAH JAIL FIVE YEARS AGO AND EF'N YOU BOYS SEED HIM, HE MUST'A ESCAPED!

BUT WE LOST HIM TO THE McNABS, SO AH RECKON YO' KIN GET HIM BACK, SHERIFF!

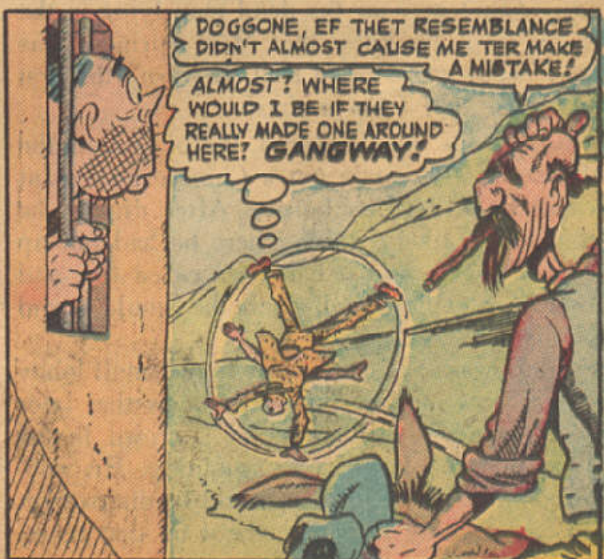
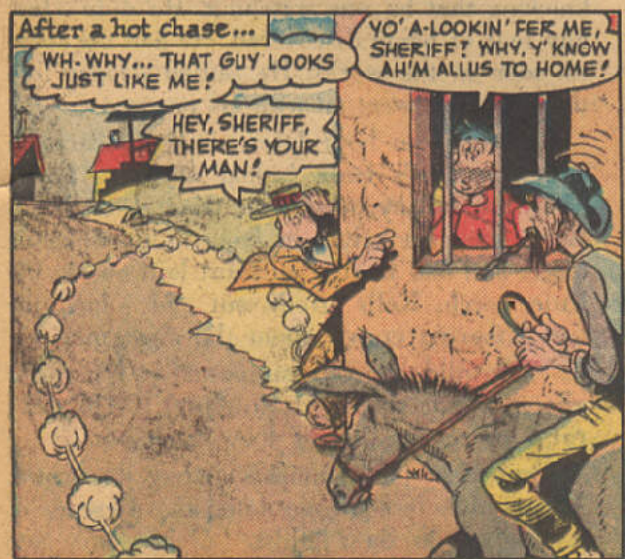
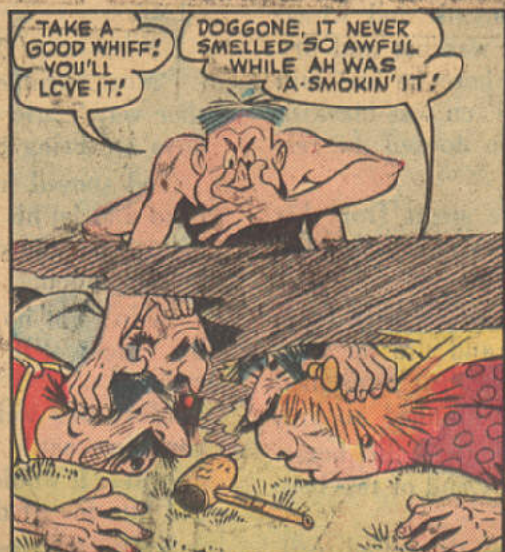
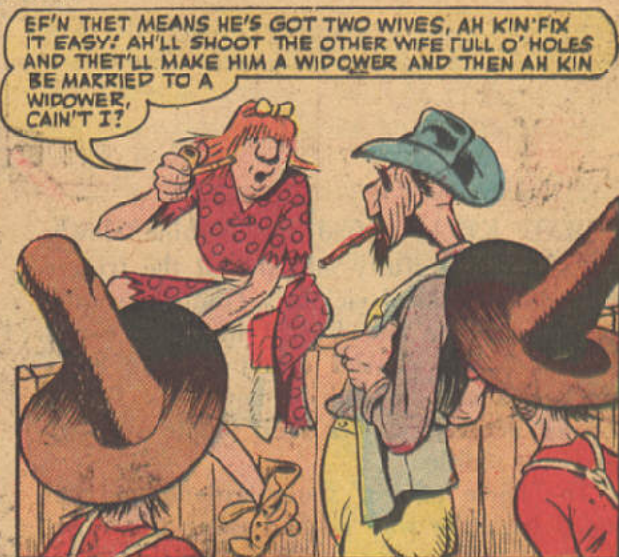
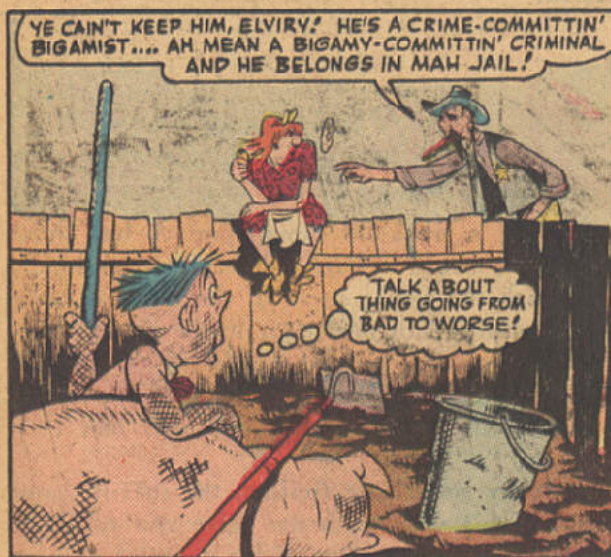


THAR HE BE, SHERIFF... THE ONE WITH THEM FOUR ARMS!

FOUR ARMS? AH NEVER KNOWED HE HAD 'EM! NO WONDER HE WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM MAH JAIL! MAH JAIL'S ONLY BUILT TO HOLD PRISONERS WITH TWO ARMS!



THE BARKER



STRANGE GUN CLUE

GRAD KELLS lifted the carbine slowly, sighted carefully and pulled the trigger. The *spang* coughed viciously from the snubby muzzle and the rifle kicked in Kells' hands. The smokeless powder didn't obscure Kells' target. He saw the man on horseback, far below in the valley, jerk then topple sideways from the saddle.

The horse reared, spung around and galloped back the way he had come. He raised a fog of yellow dust in his mad flight.

Kells cursed under his breath and wiped the dust from his mouth. It was hot and dry up there on the high crag where he had lain hidden. The water in his canteen was blackish but he took a long pull, then doused the rest over his head and face.

"Whew!" Kells wiped the sweat from his eyes and cleared his dry throat. He'd be glad when this day was over.

Picking up the rifle, Kells strode back from the ledge where he had lain and slid the weapon into its saddle boot. Kells then refastened the cinch of his saddle and climbed aboard.

"Git, Sammy," he said quietly to his horse. "There's good eats at the other end of this here trail."

They went jogging off down the rutted trail. Kells didn't go near the dead man lying in the valley trail. He knew that Mort Springer was dead. Kells was a good shot. It wasn't the first man he'd shot from ambush.

Kells rode into Covered Wells late in the afternoon and sought out a Chinese restaurant where he had eaten before. After dining, he went to the livery stable where he had put up his horse, saw that it had been cared for, and sauntered to the hotel where he would spend the night.

There wasn't much activity in the small lobby at this time of day, but Kells knew that later there would be something of a crowd in the room and the larger one adjoining. He wondered when the dead man would be discovered. He had nothing to worry about on that score.

He sat down in a leather chair and began

reading a week-old newspaper. A half hour later he heard a hard-riden horse galloping through the single street of the town. It came to a sliding halt next door to the hotel, where Kells knew was located the sheriff's office. The man leaped off his horse and tore into the office. Kells grinned. Mort Springer had been found.

Pretty soon Nate Reilley, the sheriff, came out of his office with the rider and called to some one nearby. One of his deputies sauntered up.

"What's up, Nate?" he asked.

"Mort Springer's been found drilled out Washoe way," said the sheriff. "Take some of the boys an' bring him in, Tod."

Tod shoved his big hat on the back of his head and let his breath escape in a loud noise. "Now who the devil would shoot old Mort?" he demanded.

"Ain't got no idea," said the sheriff. "But by cracky I'll find out, and the polecat'll swing!"

Mort was well liked in the town and surrounding cattle country and had no known enemies. It would go hard with the culprit who did him in—if the sheriff caught up with him.

Kells watched covertly, without anyone knowing that he was watching. He didn't feel any fear of being discovered. He had the slickest idea in the world. He settled deeper into the chair and went on with his paper.

Less than an hour later, the boys came in with Springer's body lashed across a horse. There was a tiny bullet hole through his head. When the men halted in front of the sheriff's office, and had finally got Mort laid out on the little porch, Kells strode out and joined the fast-gathering crowd about the dead man.

"Who did it, you suppose?" "What did anyone wanta shoot old Mort for?" "The dirty rat'll swing fer this, if they catch him."

Thus went the comments among the crowd. Then suddenly someone noted the presence of a stranger in their midst. "Mebbe this here hombre did it to Mort," the man suggested.

Every eye swung to Kells, who stood a little back, watching them. He grinned. Shook his head.

"Dunno the jasper," said he. "Looks like he was drilled with a mighty small-bored rifle."

The sheriff nodded. "Yeah, I was lookin' at that there hole. Dunno of anybody hereabouts who has such a gun. Anyone else?" He turned to the crowd.

Someone else said, "Well, mebbe the stranger is packin' such a rifle, sheriff."

Reilley frowned. "Your horse stabled?" he asked Kells. The latter nodded. "Mind walkin' over there fer a spell with me, stranger?"

"Course not," Kells said. "Come on."

The two men, followed by the entire crowd, started for the livery stable. When they arrived, the sheriff asked the stable keeper to let him see Kells' rifle. The man looked at Kells, who nodded, and then started off. In a moment he was back, carrying the carbine. He handed it to the sheriff.

Reilley looked at it quizzically. "Hmm!" he said. "This here's a .44 Marlin. Never fired the bullet that killed Mort. Nosiree! That hole isn't bigger'n a .22—but a .22 wouldn't go clean through a feller's head, like that slug did to Mort."

Puzzled, the sheriff handed the rifle back to the stable man and they all started back to the hotel.

Kells could afford to be friendly. "Who is this here Springer?" he asked.

"Mort owns the JL spread, one of the best in the hull state of Arizony," the sheriff told him.

"He must've had an enemy who laid for him," Kells persisted. "Somebody who owned a newfangled gun of some kind."

"Mort didn't have no enemies I know about," the sheriff said. "Course, you kin never tell 'bout a feller. Mebbe some old enemy from back whar he come from."

"Where was that?"

The sheriff pondered a bit. "Nebrasky seems like," he said. "Yeah, that's it. Nebrasky. But Mort's been here nigh onto thirty years."

Early next morning, Kells rode out to the JL ranch, owned by the late Springer. Mort had been a bachelor. Today none of the boys were left on the place, all of them having gone to town the night before. That suited Kells to

a T. He wanted time for a little exploration work. Kells was formerly from Nebraska, too. He knew something about Mort that no one else did—that Mort had a fortune hidden at his ranch. Gold.

Kells had planned his scheme well. Killing Mort was the only way. He only needed a couple of hours at the ranch. Then he'd blow. . . .

He dismounted at the back of the long barn. Leaving his horse where it would be invisible from the road, he entered the big ranch house and went to Mort's office. Mort didn't even have a safe. He kept his money in a little cupboard with a snap lock in the side of the wall. Kells opened it quickly. The gold was there—a good fifty pounds of it. A fortune!

Kells lifted the yellow stuff out and sat down to gloat over it. This had been a cinch; all right.

He was still gloating when a gruff voice said, "All right, Kells, reach!" It was the sheriff.

Kells reached. "What the devil you want?" he demanded angrily.

"You," said the sheriff softly. "You tried to put it over on us, Kells, but that stable man found something that makes you a *murderer*, even if I didn't grab you for attempted robbery."

Kells leaped to his feet, his face livid with rage. "Are you crazy, sheriff?" he shouted. "What do you mean, murder? Mebbe I was aimin' to take this gold, but that's a long ways from murder."

The sheriff nodded. "I know," he said. "But that stable man found something in your rifle boot that pins Springer's death on you. You recall you mentioned yourself that Mort had been shot by a mighty small calibre bullet. No one hereabouts has such a gun. Neither have you."

"Well, then—" began Kells.

"But you have this," said the sheriff, drawing a thin, round, long object from his pocket. This is what was in the bottom of your rifle boot. It's an adapter that fits a .44 calibre gun. Only the shell it holds is a small-bore, foreign bullet. High powered stuff. What makes it all the more damning is, the bullet that killed Mort didn't quite go through. It punched a hole but fell back in his brain. It had no rifling on it. Which shows it was fired from a large barreled gun."



WORST CASE OF WATER-ON-THE-BRAIN I EVER SEEN!



YOU NEED A VACATION IN THE MOUNTAINS TO DRY THAT UP! BUT BEFORE YOU GO THERE'S ONE THING...

YES, DOC...



MIND IF I TAKE A SHOWER? I LOVE SHOWERS!



LATER...
IF IT DOESN'T STOP, MEBBE I CAN HIRE OUT AS A PARK FOUNTAIN!



HELP!
VOLCANO MOUNTAIN IS ERUPTING!



OH!...WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PLUG IT UP! I HOPE I'M THE RIGHT SIZE!



MY! MY!... THE HEAT HAS DRIED IT UP! I'M CURED!



Two days later...
WELL, WELL! WATER ALL DRIED UP, EH? YOU MUST HAVE HAD A SWELL WEEK-END!



VERY, DOC! VERY!

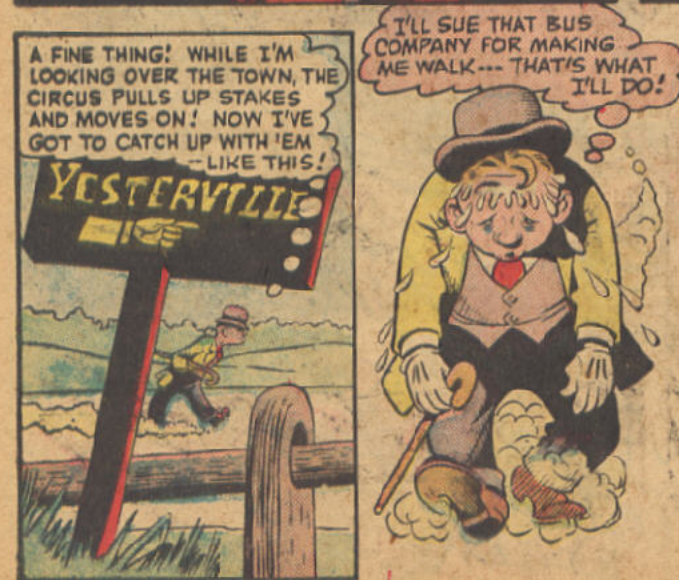
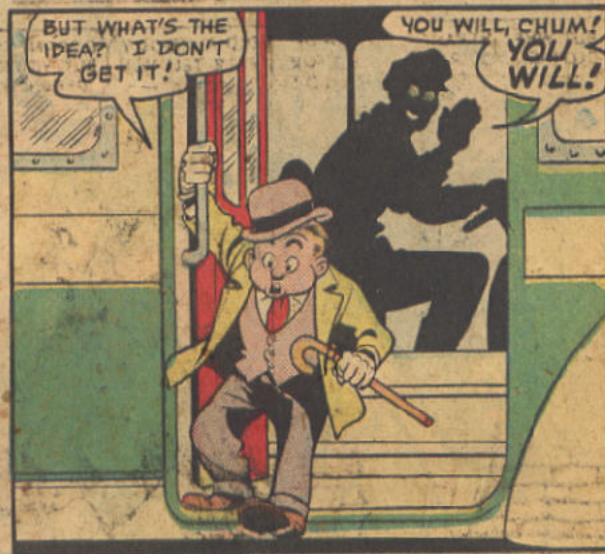
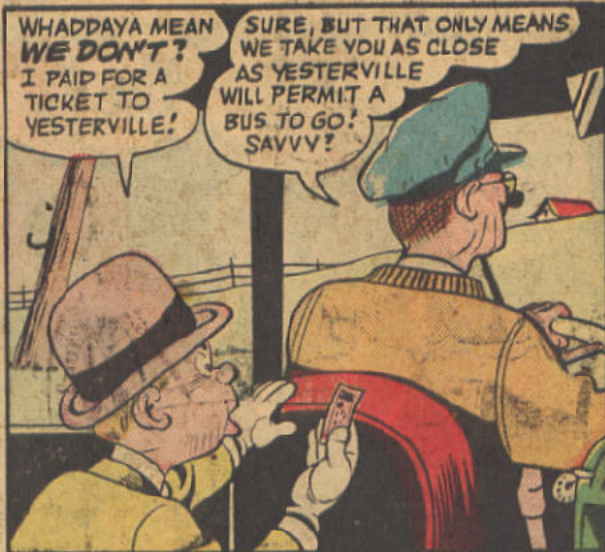
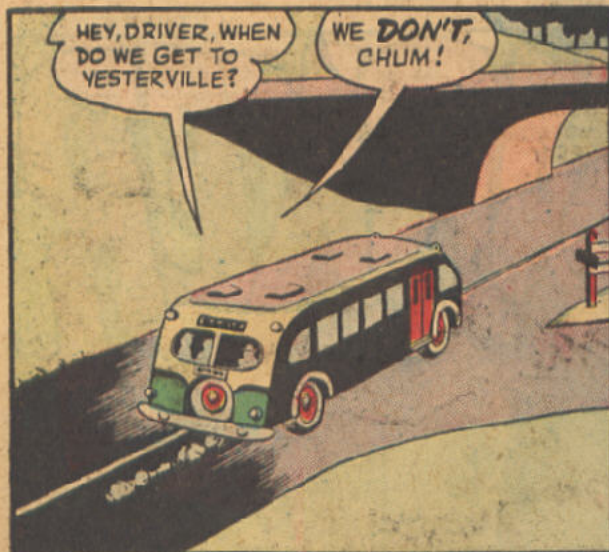
Casey would dance
With the strawberry blonde
And the band played on...

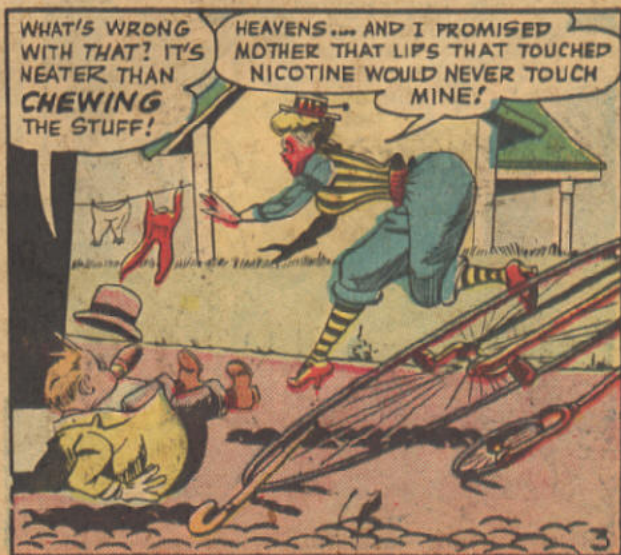
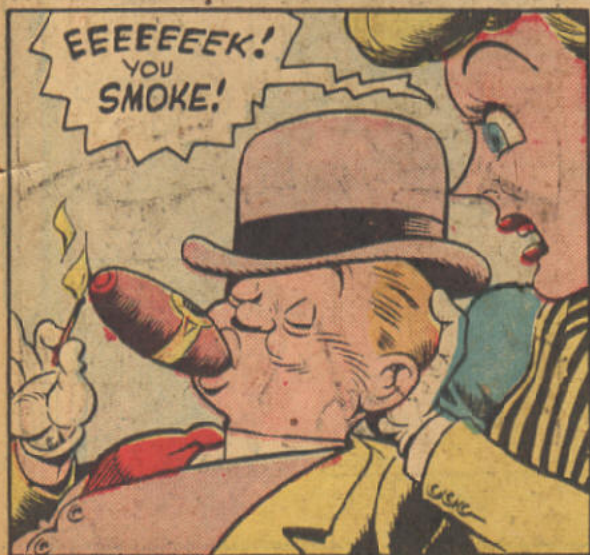
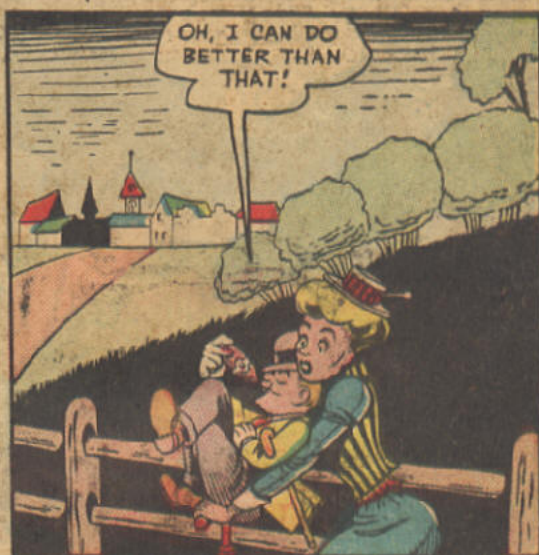
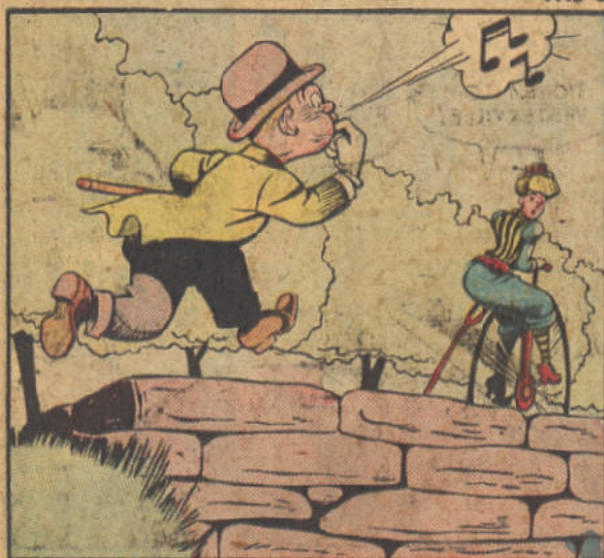
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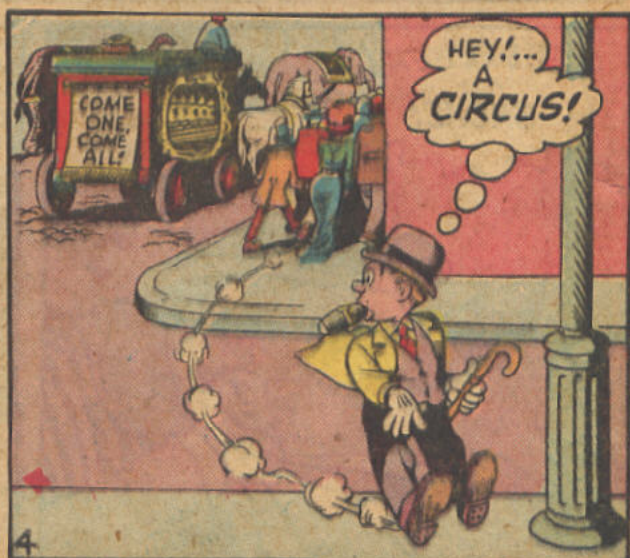
BARKER

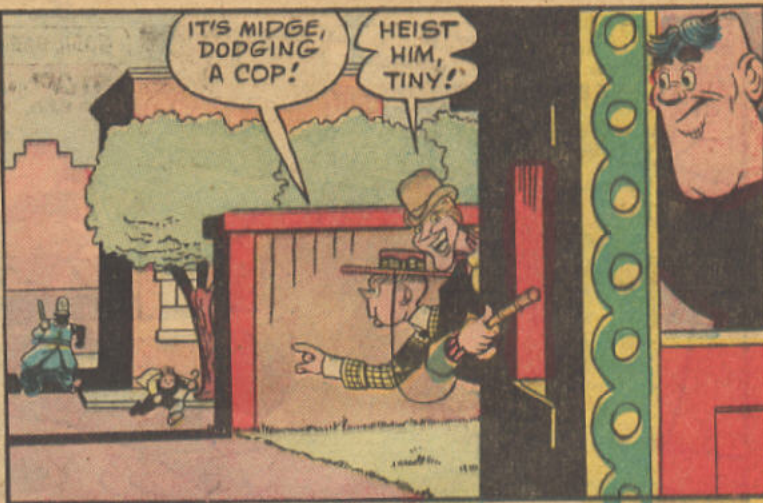
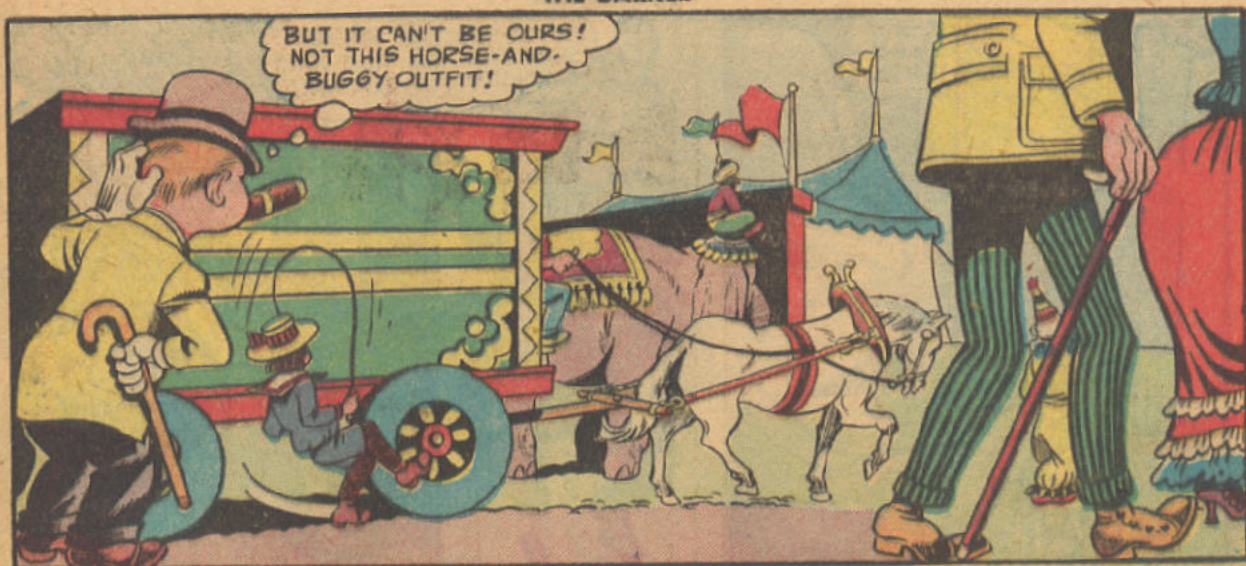


Skip the gutter, kids, and
step into the Big Tent where
The Barker, otherwise
known as Carnie Calahan,
and his merry pals have
said "TWENTY-THREE, SKIDOO"
to the Atomic Age and stepped
into the life of **THE GAY NINETIES!**

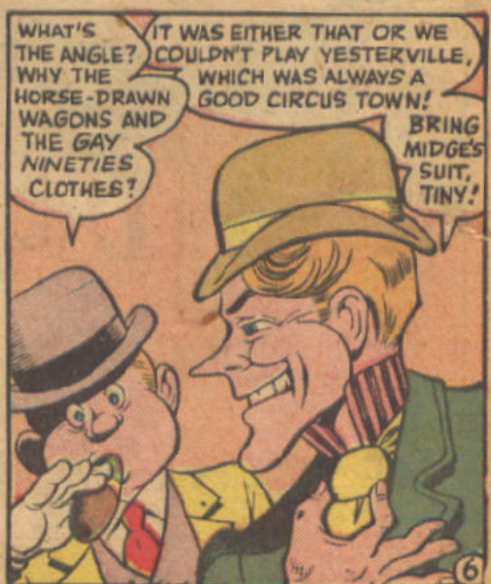
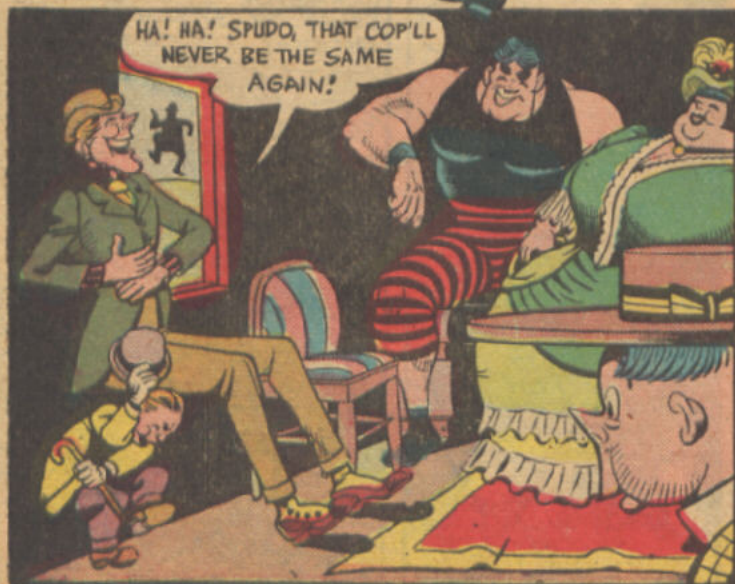


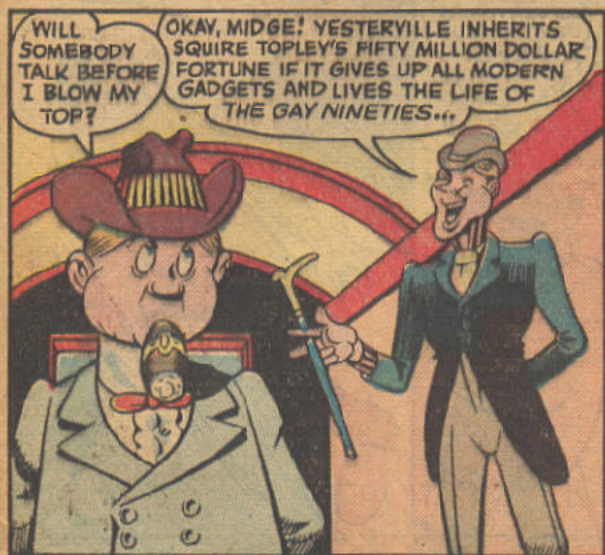


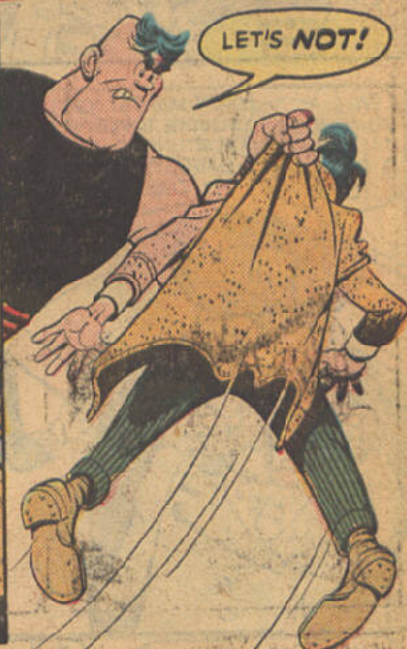
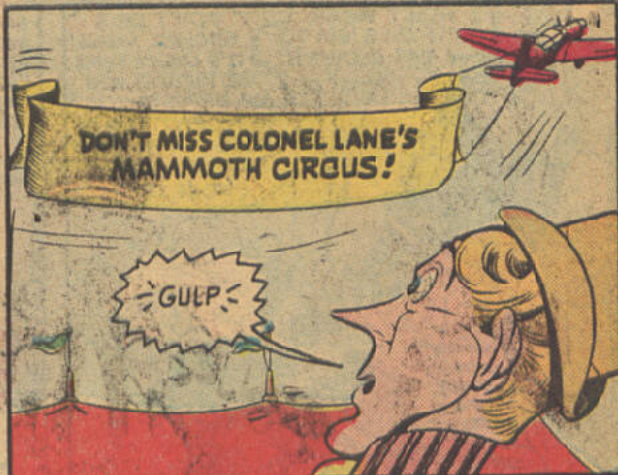
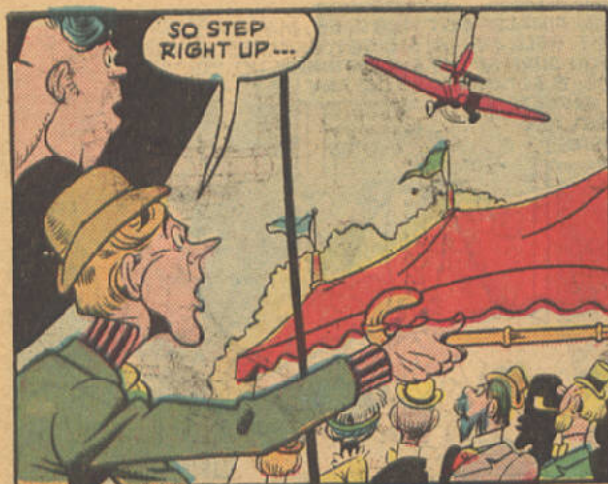


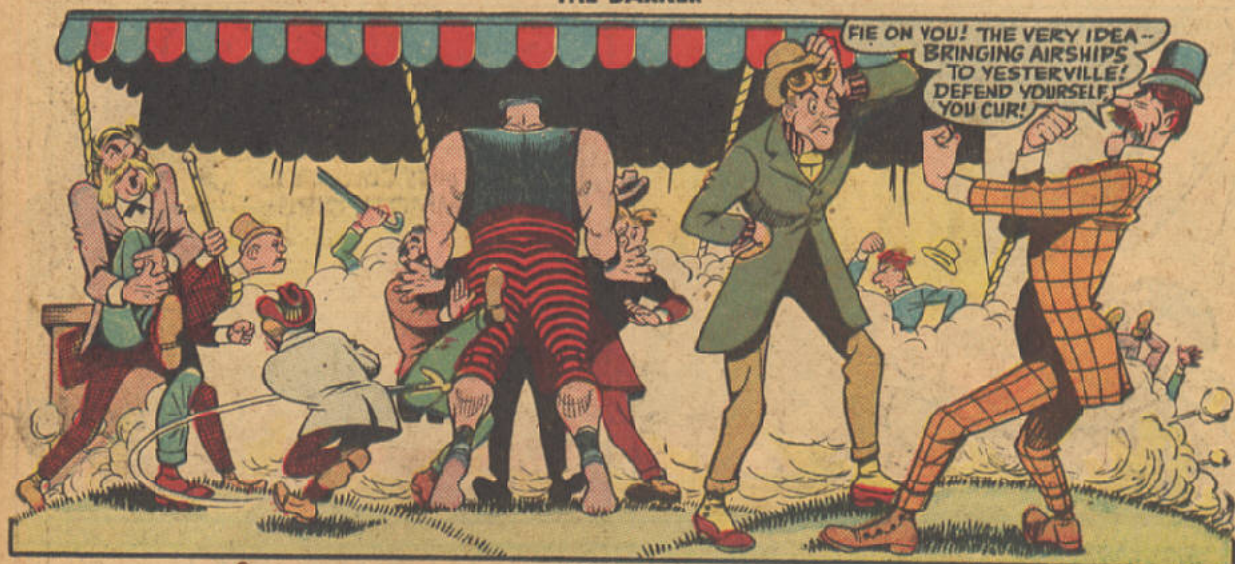


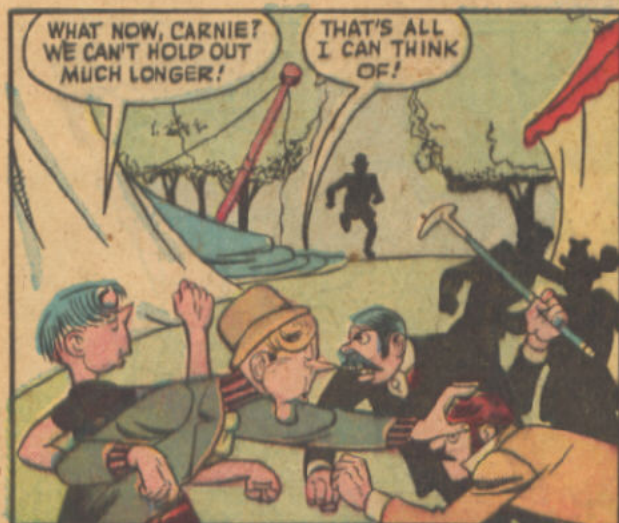
THE BARKER

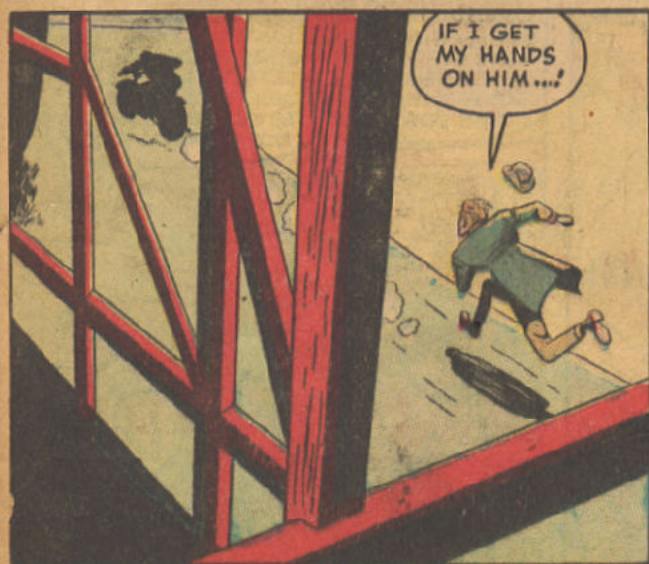
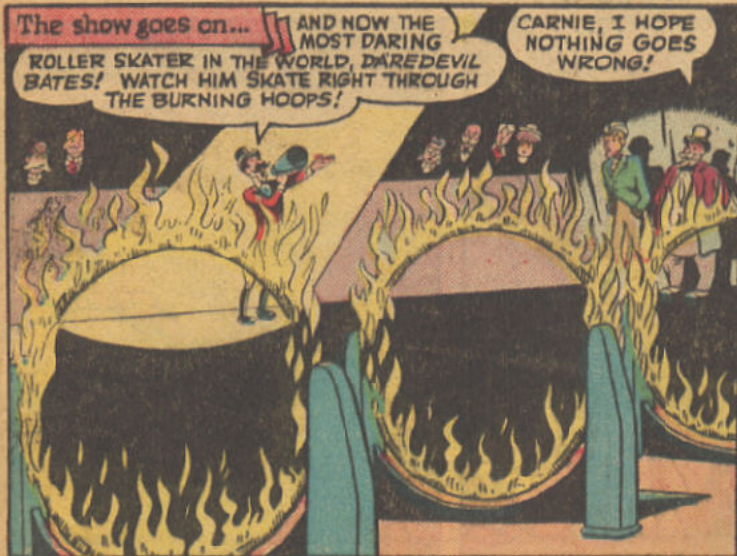




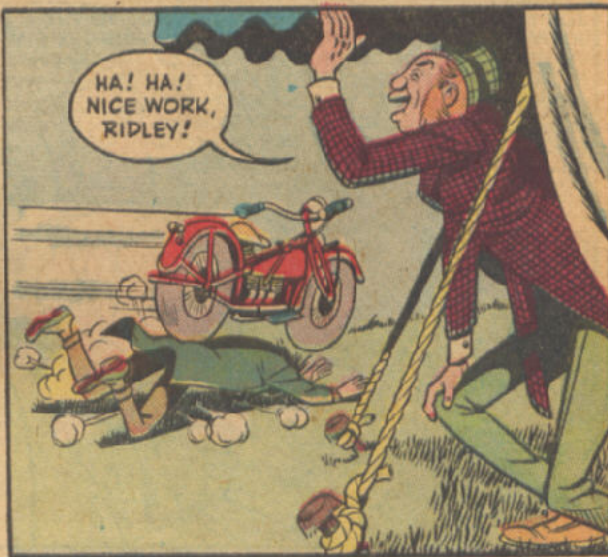
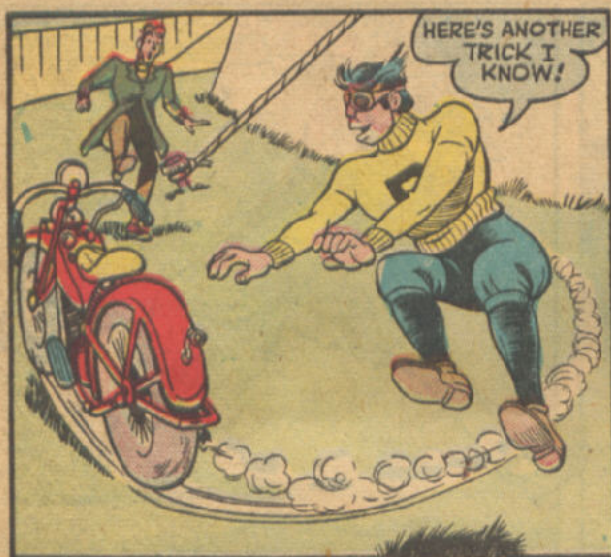
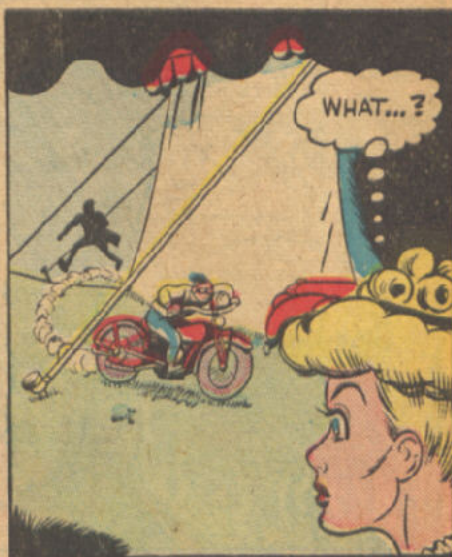
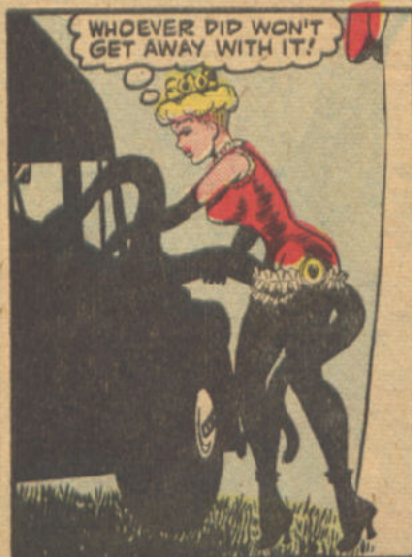


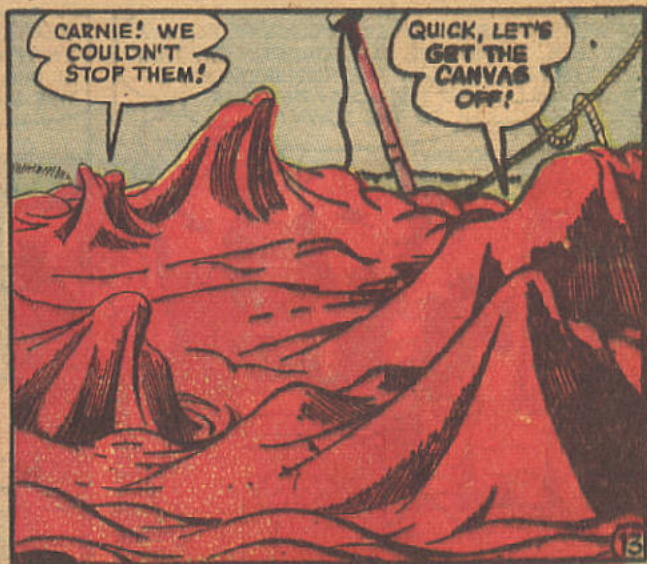
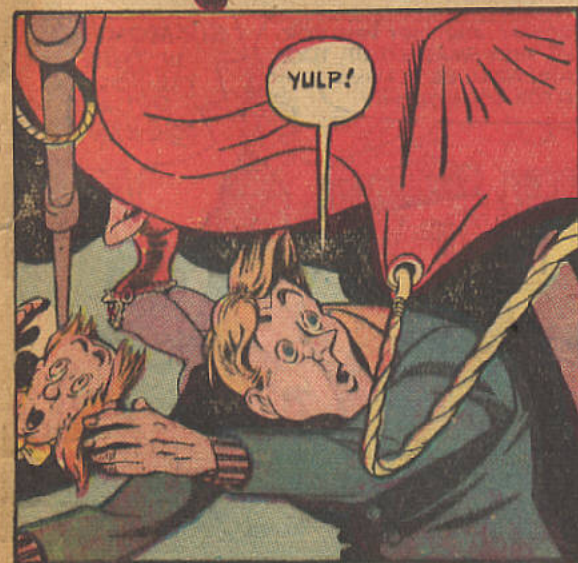


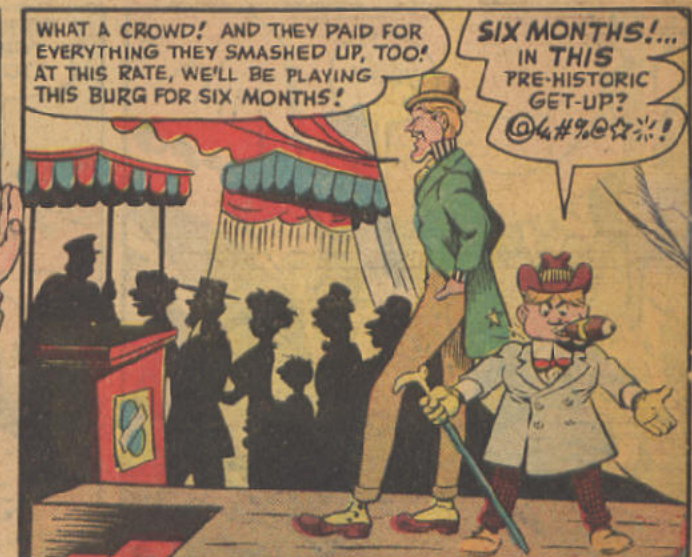
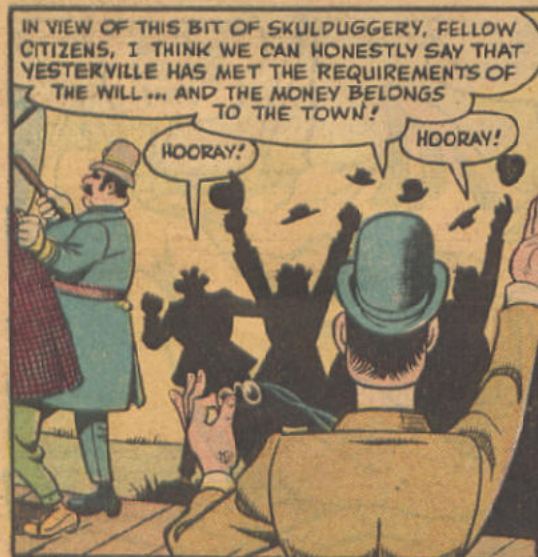




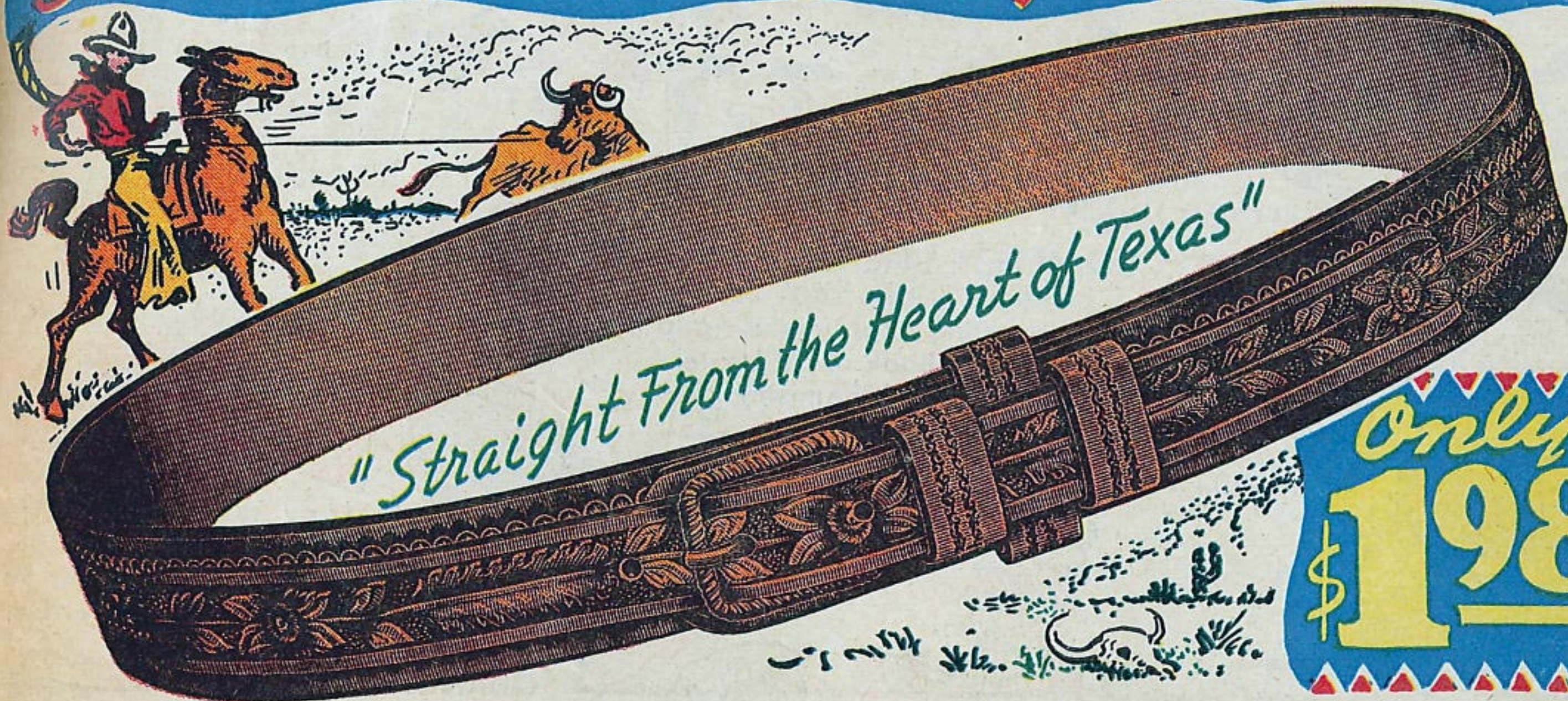
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Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here it is—"Straight from the Heart of Texas"—a belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants his belt to look rich and hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish—expertly hand-stamped from end to end by skilled belt craftsmen; gives the Texas Beauty Belt the ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width and has an all-metal buckle. Also has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

When you see this Texas Beauty Belt and examine its many outstanding features, you'll wonder how we could possibly offer it to you in these times for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98. There's no doubt about it—here's a marvelous value. Order your belt today and see for yourself. There's no risk. If you're not pleased and delighted in every way, you can return it in 10 days for full refund. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon below and pay postman on arrival. Be sure to state your belt size from 28 to 46.

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Order the Belt and Billfold together as a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.69 plus 60c Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.



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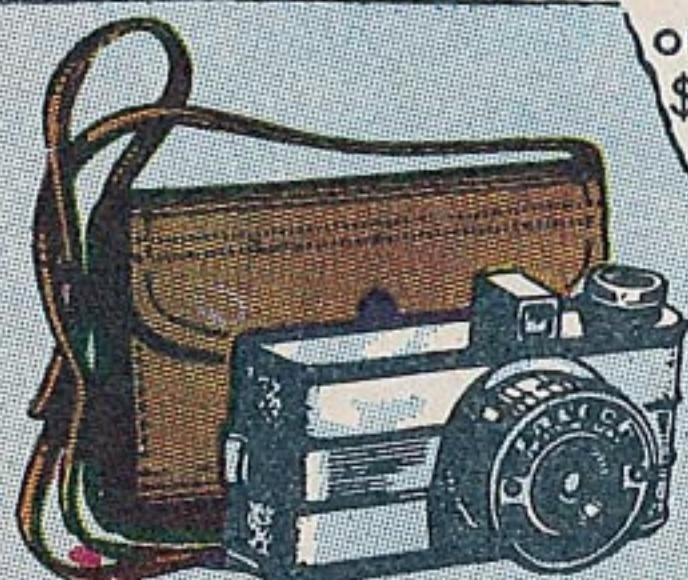
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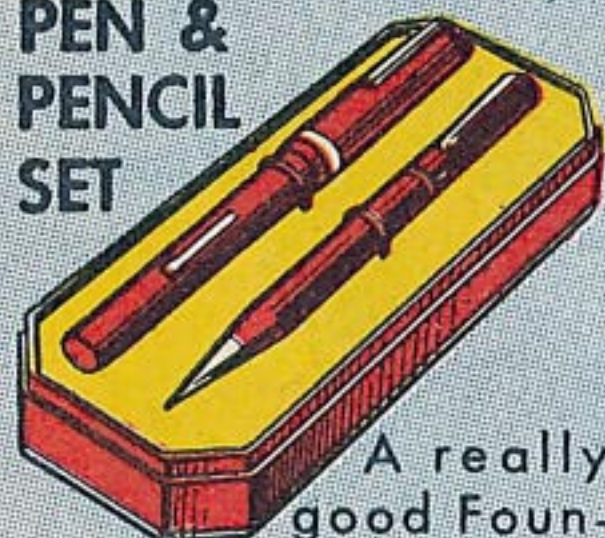


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FULL SIZE Comb,

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SET**

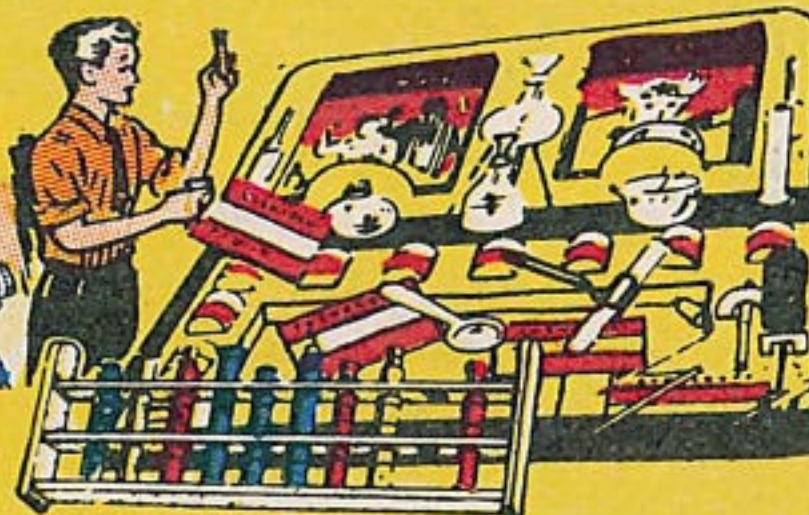


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"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order.



**WRIST
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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



LEATHER WALLETS GIVEN

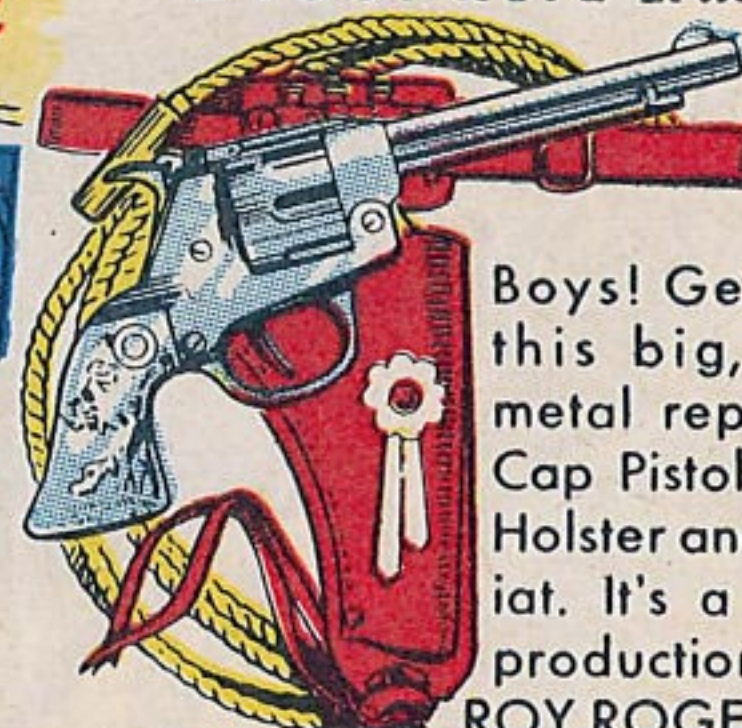
American Lady Wallet for Girls. Initials in gold. Also secret Compartment Wallet for Boys. Sell one order.



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HUNTING KNIFE,**
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Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.

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Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
Dept. C-15 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____